

Helicon 2
British National Science Fiction
Convention (Eastercon)

Hotel de France, St Helier, Jersey

29 March – 1 April 2002

Guests of Honour:

Brian Stableford

Harry Turtledove

Peter Weston

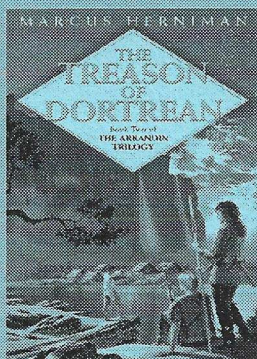




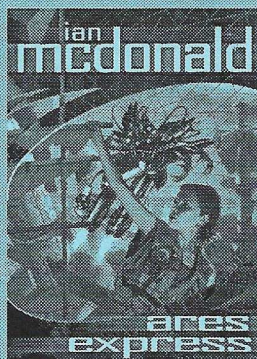
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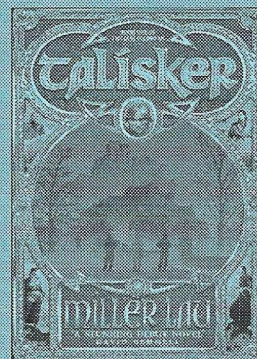
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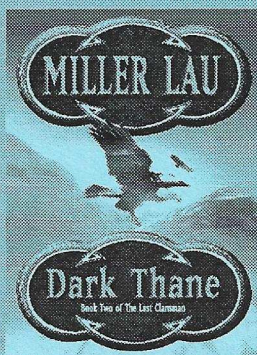
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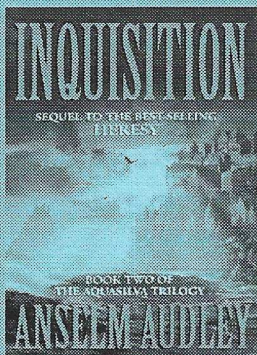
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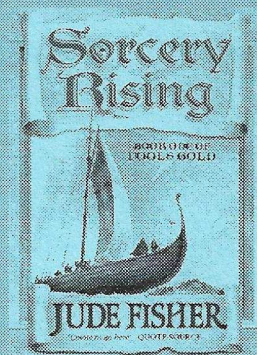
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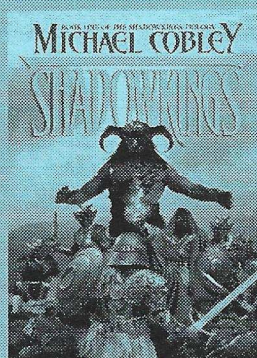
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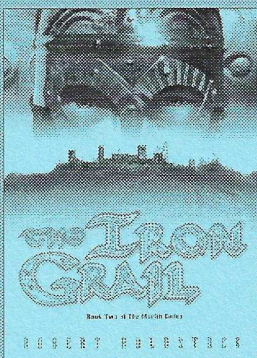
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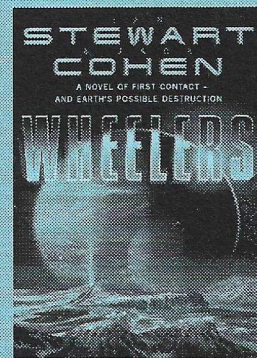
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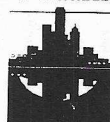
Published in 2002 by: **HELICON 2**
33 Meyrick Drive, Wash Common,
Newbury, Berkshire RG14 6SY, UK

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Editors: Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer/Fishlifter Press



Printed in Great Britain by The Print Unit
Sheffield Hallam University
Howard Street
Sheffield S1 1WB

Helicon 2

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Welcome to Helicon...

Helicon 2 has now been over two years in the making. Every Eastercon requires a large number of people to give up a large amount of their time to make everything happen. Without this dedication there would not be a convention. This year has been particularly difficult with the down-turn in the global economy. Many people, including some members of the committee, have lost their jobs. The tragic events of 11 September last year have disrupted international travel, but despite this we have members from many countries here on Jersey.

I would like to thank everybody that has contributed to this convention. Our Guests of Honour—Brian Stableford, Harry Turtledove and Peter Weston—have given up their Easter to come and entertain us. The committee (past and present) have toiled, sometimes in difficult circumstances, to put together this convention. They have been assisted enormously by the staff of the convention. Jackie Maratier, the Conference and Banqueting Manager of the Hotel de France has done so much behind the scenes to help Helicon. The programme participants and gophers will give up time at the convention. A roll of honour appears below.

While you are on the island, I hope that you find the time to visit some of the many tourist attractions. Jersey has an award-winning zoo, where I have adopted Colombia, a Ring-Tailed Coati; you can see her in the 'First Impressions' enclosure.

Finally I would like to thank all of you for supporting this convention. Have a good time. ✱

—Martin Hoare, Chairman

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Additionally, the editors of this book would like to thank:

The guests and all other contributors

Fran Dowd for assistance with the printers

Roger Robinson for bibliographic assistance

Brian Stableford

Whigs In Space – by Brian Stableford

The Whig interpretation of history—according to Herbert Butterfield, who coined the term in 1931—is a standpoint from which history is viewed as a series of battles in an ongoing conflict between reactionaries and champions of progress. The battles are always won (sometimes belatedly) by the champions of progress, who thus contrive to deliver the present from the womb of the past.

Butterfield, who was no fan of the philosophy of progress, argued that this standpoint was seriously misled by the fallacious assumption that the consequences that flowed from past actions must somehow have been intended, if not entirely consciously, by the actors. It is not obvious that this criticism is valid; while it is true that some aspects of the present were not constructed according to anyone's plan, it is equally true that some were. Statesmen and revolutionaries intent on changing society and technologists bent on invention often had a clear idea of the consequences they were trying to bring about—and they often succeeded, despite the well-known tendency of the best laid plans of mice and men to gang aft agley and even though their actions may have had unintended consequences as well.

It is not surprising that writers of science fiction include both Whiggish optimists and Butterfieldian sceptics. Countless individual sf novels, and numerous entire speculative future histories, represent the future as a battleground in which heroic champions of progress will fight the good fight against the forces of reactionary conservatism, and win (though sometimes belatedly). Such works form a considerable majority within labelled sf, although futuristic fantasies marketed outside the genre exhibit a rather different balance, in which catastrophic scenarios abound.

The fact that Whigs have vanished from the present British parliament has more to do with the theft of their ideological clothes than with any perceived obsolescence of their interpretation of history's march. The Conservative party may still embody and nourish the forces of reaction, but it claims nevertheless to be progressive; nowadays, political arguments have more to do with questions of how 'progress' is to be sustained rather than the questions of whether or not it really exists and whether, if so, we ought to try to prevent it.

The notion of progress contained, whether explicitly or tacitly, in Whiggish accounts of future history is not much different from that which the nineteenth century Whigs inherited from the Marquis de Condorcet and other ideologists of revolutionary France. In a nutshell, the fundamental conception was that social progress moved nations towards liberty, equality and fraternity, and that technological progress fostered all three. Such ideas were carried forward most enthusiastically in America, which contrived its own revolution thirteen years before France and—unlike France—suffered no conspicuous relapses thereafter.

In America, for better or worse, the philosophy of progress became inextricably bound up with the notion of the frontier, so that technological progress became a means of social expansion as well as—and perhaps rather than—social change *in situ*. Because labelled science fiction is mainly an American product, this further complication was built into it at a fundamental level; it is no coincidence that the ancestry of American pulp sf can be traced back to a Western, *The Steam-*



Man of the Prairies, nor that clones of *Star Trek* (defined by its creator as 'Wagon Train in space') have replaced Westerns in the American media landscape. In American sf, the dominant view of future history has been one of Whigs in space.

One corollary of the American conflation of progress and frontiersmanship is the relocation of the forces of reaction. From the standpoint satirised by Butterfield, it seemed that the defeated reactionaries simply disappeared. If they did not go to the guillotine, or become converts to the new order, they simply died off as their natural lifespans expired, leaving no intellectual heirs. In the American view of progress, however, the reactionaries simply stayed behind while pioneers left, stewing in their own preservative juices, handing down a heritage of cultural stagnation to future generations. In science-fictional future histories, Earth usually sinks into a Slough of Decadence while the pioneers set out in their spaceships to make a new and better start elsewhere. It is for this reason that the end of the Space Age—which, as cleverly anticipated by J G Ballard, now lies a whole generation behind us—precipitated something of a crisis in the affairs of science fiction.

There are, of course, large sectors of the modern multimedial sf genre which continue to peddle the same old myth of future-progress-as-future-frontiersmanship, but this tendency has brought about a curious role-reversal. Like dinosaurs whose minuscule brains have not yet registered the fact that they have been shot in the heart, the proponents of future frontiersmanship now seem more like reactionaries than champions of progress. The futuristic imagery of TV *Star Trek* clones now seems as quaint and absurd as George W Bush's attempt to renew the American frontier by taking over the old North-West Frontier of Imperial India, which the British gave up as a bad job in 1947. The fact that it is more easily conquered nowadays than it was a hundred years ago only hastens its new masters on to the next 'where do we go from here?'—to which the only possible answer is 'nowhere that could possibly be worth the effort'.

Meanwhile, the one part of Butterfield's argument against Whiggish accounts of history that is irrefutable looks more and more ominous with every day that passes. The real problem with Whiggish attempts to make the future better is not that all—or even some—actions have unintended consequences but that some actions cannot do otherwise than produce the opposite effect to that intended. Garrett Hardin's classic essay 'The Tragedy of the Commons' points out that where any resource is commonly available, it is in the interests of every individual to increase his own proportionate share of the reward therefrom, and that the inevitable sum of all these individual attempts is the destruction of the resource. Thus have fertile lands been laid to waste in the past—producing a far more accurate panoramic view of human history and prehistory than the Whig version—and thus is the entire ocean being turned to desert even as we twiddle our thumbs. 'Ruin,' says Hardin, 'is the destruction toward which all men rush, each pursuing his own best interest in a society that believes in the freedom of the commons.'

If the ideals that spurred eighteenth century revolutionaries on may still be taken as benchmarks of progress, it is not obvious that we are still marching forwards. Social inequality is on the increase within and between nations. Fraternity has foundered upon the rock of religious intolerance. Even liberty,

the most cherished of Western shibboleths, seems to be in danger of meeting the ironic fate of self-sacrifice in the name of self-protection. Nor can it be taken for granted that further technological advancement will tend to increase liberty while promoting equality and fraternity; indeed, differential access to technology has become the most obvious marker of modern inequality, and technologies of destruction have become the means by which the unfraternally-inclined make their hatreds felt.

As these trends develop in the real world, one might expect that within sf's future histories the Whigs in space will be replaced (perhaps belatedly) by uncompromising glory-hunting Tories. Indeed, the tendency has been visible for some time. On the other hand, it may be that both the world and its imaginative fiction are overdue for a reappraisal of what the word 'progress' ought to signify. It is certainly high time that it was decoupled from the notion of frontiersmanship, and from the kinds of technology vital to that enterprise: vehicles and guns. Perhaps it is time to look beyond the crudity and coarseness of inorganic technology to the subtler sophistications of organic technology, which have a far better record of fostering progress in the past. It was, after all, the primary organic technologies of cooking and clothing that necessitated the domestication of fire and the development of household tools, and prompted the inventions of agriculture and animal husbandry.

If the slogans of revolutionary France are set aside momentarily, it is easy enough to see that the fundamental definition of progress is an improvement in the quality of life. There are disputes between individuals and systems of thought as to what actually counts as 'quality of life' but the very existence of those disputes implies that sensible men should take a pluralistic view of the matter. Granted that individual differences ought to be catered for, social progress means the development of societies better able to provide their citizens with lives that are comfortable, and interesting and provide abundant opportunities to suit a wide variety of inclinations and aspirations. Liberty, equality and fraternity were important in the past because they were the most obvious means to these ends, but it has become obvious during the last two centuries that liberty requires a certain restraint if everyone is to have a useful share of it, that differences in equality are tolerable provided that attempts are continually made to ameliorate poverty, and that fraternity requires the courteous acknowledgement of differences rather than attempts to impose identity of interest.

There is, I assert with confidence, no further social progress to be gained by the continued sophistication of weapons of mass destruction, and no meaningful escape from the consequences of any such sophistication to be contrived by the further sophistication of methods of transportation. The further development of information technology, on the other hand, seems hopeful to some anticipators of further improvement in the human condition, although its effects to date are slightly ambiguous. Although there are some grounds for thinking of the advancement of information technology as a threat to individual liberty, there is certainly scope for hope that its life-enhancing effects will outweigh the restrictive ones. Within the spectrum of inorganic technology, information technology still has progressive potential—but it seems to me that the greater potential lies in organic technology.

It seems to me to be highly likely that the greater part of the progress obtainable in the foreseeable future will be won by the further sophistication of food technology, medical technology and genetic engineering, all of which have dramatic life-enhancing potential. Organic technologies offer the only hope we have of ameliorating the impending ecocatastrophe, and the only hope we have of making improvements to the lives we lead during and after that catastrophe. Organic technologies also hold the promise of greater liberty from disease and injury, and also from the ageing process. Whether or not they can ultimately deliver emortality—which really would represent a giant leap for humankind—they can certainly ameliorate a great deal of the misery that currently afflicts us, including much that is self-inflicted. Furthermore, any renewal of the Space Age will surely be dependent on our ability to engineer humans to work in radically unearthly environments—so the future of frontiersmanship, no less than the future of politics, is dependent on the progress of organic technology. This is the tale that sf's new future histories should try to tell.

One day, the Whigs might return to the forbidding reaches of outer space—but for now, and for quite some time to come, the history-making project before us (whether as sf writers or as citizens of the world) is to redefine and restore progress *in situ*, by cleaning up the mess that the frontiersmen have tried to leave behind. Good intentions, as Herbert Butterfield observed, may not be sufficient to ensure that the intended goals are reached, but without them we shall have nowhere to go that could conceivably be worth the effort.*

—Brian Stableford

Brian Stableford: Architect of Emortality – by Steve Jeffery

Every so often, perhaps every ten years or less, it seems that Brian Stableford feels the need to reinvent himself.

Biologist, sociologist, anthologist, scholar, critic, and full-time writer, in genres as diverse as nineteenth century scientific romance, decadent fiction, gothic, space opera, fantasy and hard speculative sf. His output is astonishing: over 75 books since his first sale in 1965—a collaborative novelette, 'Beyond Time's Aegis'. His fiftieth novel, *Year Zero*, was published in 2000. Since then, he has continued working on what might be his finest sf work to date: the wide-ranging Emortality series, of which the first four (although not in order of the series' internal chronology) are currently published by Tor in the US, with a fifth, *Dark Ararat*, shortly due for publication.

A more reckless theorist, looking through the acknowledgements to his more recent works—including the Emortality series—and tracing them back to stories and speculations that appeared as early as *The Third Millennium: A History of the World 2000-3000 AD* (1985, with Dave Langford) and *Sexual Chemistry: Sardonic Tales of the Sexual Revolution* (1991), might be almost tempted to perceive a long-term sf career plan being carefully worked out.

You can try this on Brian, after buying him a pint at the bar. It will probably reduce him to helpless giggles.

As a schoolboy, with a voracious reading habit, Brian Stableford was struck by the sheer badness of many of the

contemporary Digit/Badger books. It seemed that almost anybody could do as well, if not better. This early aspiration might have come to nothing if not for the discovery of a fellow enthusiast in Craig Mackintosh, who was also interested in the idea of trying to write sf. Calculating that a novel was around 60,000 words, they split eight 8,000 word chapters between them and wrote the first draft in a month. Faced with the daunting task of revising and typing up all those longhand pages, the project got no further.

Eighteen months later, however, they did manage to complete a 10,000 word novelette titled 'Beyond Time's Aegis' by the same process. Stableford laboriously typed up a submission copy and sent it to Kyril Bonfiglioli at *Science Fantasy*, where it appeared under the collaborative pseudonym 'Brian Craig'—a pseudonym Stableford would resurrect in the late '80s for a series of Games Workshop *Warhammer* tie-in novels under the editorship of David Pringle.

More than anything, that first fortuitous sale confirmed that there was indeed a market out there that would pay for stories. Several other collaborative stories and novels followed, and although none were submitted or published parts of them were cannibalised and reworked into some of the early novels.

Stableford's first novel, *Cradle of the Sun* (1969)—written in the Easter vacation of his second year studying biology at the University of York—was initially sent to Anthony Cheetham at Sphere in response to a letter in the BSFA's *Vector*. Although Cheetham decided not to use it, he passed it on to Donald Wollheim, then at Ace, and it was published as part of the Ace Doubles series. Wollheim proved to be an enthusiastic and supportive editor. *Cradle of the Sun* was followed by *The Blind Worm* (1970, in another Ace Double), largely constructed from parts of an earlier unpublished 37,000 word story—'The Worlds beyond the World'—of a man trapped in a fold of time and granted glimpses of the unfolding future.

At this point Anthony Cheetham, acting as a part-time agent, suggested the time was right for a multi-book contract. The *Dies Irae* trilogy, of which the first two volumes—*Days of Glory* and *In the Kingdom of the Beasts*—were basically the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* reworked as space opera, was again sold to Wollheim at Ace (1971). The last volume, *Day of Wrath*, breaks the pattern of reworking Greek legends and is probably the more interesting of the three.

By now, Stableford was studying for a postgraduate degree and examining the frustrating population dynamics of the confused flour beetle, *Tribolium confusum* (named for its previous confusion with another species, *T. castaneum*, rather than any inherent bewilderment of its own). Frustrating, that is, until he realised that previous studies, at variance with his own results, had been fudged. This encounter with a rather different form of science fiction, plus an acknowledgement that he did not share at all in God's 'inordinate fondness for beetles', might have prompted an early move to full-time sf writer—had the bottom not suddenly dropped out of the sf market.

Watchgod's Cargo, written a few years before, initially failed to find a publisher. Ace was going through a bad patch, and Wollheim seemed disenchanted with what he regarded as the more 'downbeat' stories that were being submitted. By the end of 1971, Wollheim left Ace to set up DAW, and was looking for new material. Together with the resubmitted

Watchgod's Cargo, published as *To Challenge Chaos* (1972), he took a proposal for a new work. This was *Halcyon Drift* (1972), the first of the Grainger/Hooded Swan books. Wollheim liked it enough to commission a couple of sequels—*Rhapsody in Black* (1973) and *Promised Land* (1974)—and then an expansion of the series to six novels, which were to appear over the next three years, concluding with *Swan Song* (1975). While mindful of Wollheim's enthusiasm for space adventure series, Stableford decided he also wanted to subtly subvert the gung-ho clichés of the genre. Thus he both made his protagonist, Grainger (described by *Sunday Times* sf reviewer Martin Amis as a 'facetious churl', and by Wollheim as a 'wisecracking smartass'), a pacifist and had him infected by a symbiotic mind parasite—able to take over his body and drive him to trials of self endurance, and to replicate an independent copy of Grainger's mind state so that it can converse with him inside his head. The six Grainger/Hooded Swan books are shortly to be republished in an omnibus collection by independent UK publisher Big Engine as *Swan Songs: The Complete Hooded Swan Collection*.

During this period, Stableford converted to a postgraduate in sociology and embarked on a thesis on the sociology of science fiction, spinning off articles from this into places such as *Vector*, *Foundation* and *Amazing* and starting a parallel and equally important sf career as a scholar and critic.

Man in a Cage (1975) is perhaps the most determinedly experimental novel of this period, told in a fractured multiple narrative with a schizophrenic FTL pilot as its protagonist which perhaps inevitably raises comparisons with the psychotic protagonist of Barry Malzberg's *Beyond Apollo*.

A second singleton novel, *The Mind-Riders* (1976), was followed by another six book series: the Daedalus sequence of biological mysteries. In these, the Earth contact ship *Daedalus* is sent out to regain contact with the lost colonies after a period of upheaval. The series embeds—and is bracketed by—a debate on the ethics of colonisation itself (and might prefigure the intense debate on the same subject in Kim Stanley Robinson's Mars trilogy).

This productive period was again about to be rudely interrupted. A contract for a further three part series—*The Realms of Tartarus*—fell through when UK publisher Quartet folded after only publishing the first volume, *The Face of Heaven* (1976). Of two non-fiction books, *Scientific Imagination in Literature* and *Mysteries of Modern Science* (1977), only the latter was published—as a coffee table pop-science book. *The Realms of Tartarus* (1977) was eventually published, again by DAW, as a single volume consisting of *The Face of Heaven*, *A Vision of Hell* and *A Glimpse of Infinity*. A handful of singleton novels followed, including a children's fantasy *The Last Days at the Edge of the World* (1978) and *The Walking Shadow* (1979). In this, cult hero Paul Heisenberg disappears and is replaced by a silver statue. He reappears in later years to discover millions of other people have time-jumped after him, and see him a messiah figure. As he jumps further forward in time he sees—like Wells's time traveller—the end of the human race, and the non-human life-forms that come after. Another ill-fated two book contract with Pan foundered when Pan pulled out of their sf line, leaving the future-war novel *War Games* (1981) as a singleton—also sold to DAW under the title *Optiman* (1980),

along with *The Castaways of Tanagar* (1981) which takes a reverse look at the idea behind the Daedalus novels; a contact ship from an abandoned colony returns to the homeworld to discover an exhausted, post-holocaust Earth.

The last two books of the period are *Journey to the Centre* (1982), a hollow-world story—later reworked for NEL in 1989 as the first volume of the Asgard trilogy which was completed with *Invaders from the Centre* and *The Centre Cannot Hold* (both 1990)—and *The Gates of Eden* (1983). By this time, the relationship with Wollheim was showing strain, with Stableford disenchanted with turning out any more of the sort of pulp adventure novels Wollheim was prepared to consider. A contracted third book was never delivered, and for a while Stableford gave up writing sf to concentrate on academic work and non-fiction, having moved a few years previously to the University of Reading for a post as lecturer in the sociology of literature. (My only recollection of the sociology course at that period—I graduated in chemistry from Reading in 1977—comes from one of the books being read by a friend on the course, with the somewhat alarming title *Buggery and the Decline of the British Empire*.)

The non-fiction works of that period—including *The Science in Science Fiction* (1982) with Dave Langford and Peter Nicholls, *Future Man: Brave New World or Genetic Nightmare* (1984), *The Sociology of Science Fiction* (1985), *Scientific Romance in Britain 1890-1950* (1985), and *The Third Millennium: A History of the World AD 2000-3000* (1985), again with Dave Langford—would establish Stableford as a respected critic and scholar of the genre. This was marked by an award for Distinguished Scholarship by the International Association for the Fantastic in the Arts in 1987 and the Pilgrim Award for SF Scholarship in 1999; it also established the groundwork for the third phase of Stableford's career as a sf novelist.

Part of this comes from what Stableford regards as the drastic evisceration of the submitted texts by book packagers Roxby Press and Shuckburgh-Reynolds, the latter chopping out 20,000 words of futurological speculation from *The Third Millennium* and asking Langford to backfill it with more 'jokey bits'. Stableford takes a typically sardonic view of this in an interview with Cheryl Morgan for *Strange Horizons*:

'I suppose my subsequent career might be regarded as an absurdly stubborn and essentially quixotic quest to find a means of placing on record the key points that we were trying to make in those murdered explanations.'

The outcome would be possibly Stableford's finest sf series yet, the stories and novels that make up the (as yet uncompleted) Emortality sequence. But before this, a different, and rather surprising, Brian Stableford would emerge as a novelist.

The alternate-history vampire novel *The Empire of Fear* (1988), based on the short story 'The Man Who Loved the Vampire Lady' (*Fantasy and Science Fiction*), made Stableford a perhaps unlikely adopted hero of the goth subculture; his name crops up almost as often as that of Storm Constantine in fanzines such as *The Penny Dreadful* and *Crimson*, and he even reviewed The Vampire Guild's goth sampler compilation tape in the pages of *Interzone*. *The Empire of Fear*, in which seventeenth century England is part of Greater Normandy under the rule of the vampire prince Richard Coeur de Leon, contains some splendid jokes—such

as the references to Niccolò Machiavelli's *The Vampire Prince*—but also the germs of a couple of ideas that would resurface in later works. One of these was the cruel irony of a man who discovers the secret of immortality but is denied it himself, and another occurs in the phrase 'carnival of destruction' which would form the title of the concluding volume of the Werewolves of London trilogy. The erotic symbolism of the vampire myth and both gothic fiction and what Stableford has termed gothic 'lifestyle fantasies' was explored again in *Young Blood* (1992), along with a nod to the band The Sisters of Mercy, while a later venture combined vampires with elements of Wellsian nineteenth century scientific romance in 'The Hunger and Ecstasy of Vampires' (*Interzone* January-February 1995 and later published in novel form by Mark Zeising in the US).

The Werewolves of London (1990), the first volume of an extraordinarily dense, philosophical, and visionary sf/fantasy trilogy was hailed by John Clute as 'perhaps the most intelligent novel yet written in 1990'. The central metaphor is taken from the fable of Plato's cave, where humans can only guess at the true nature of the universe and the shapes of gods from the shadows cast on a wall before them. In the novel, David Lydard, in a delirium dream caused by the bite of a snake, finds the chains that restrict him broken and turns to gaze directly at the face of the gods themselves. The second volume, *The Angel of Pain* (1991) ('an absolutely extraordinary book'—Clute again) takes a completely different tack on the traditional problem of middle volumes of trilogies. The story does not move much forward towards resolution. Indeed, in the trilogy as a whole, very little physical action actually occurs; the plot is advanced through dialectic argument and debate in the 'real' world and confrontation with the puppet-master gods and angels in harrowing, pain-filled (and at the same time often ecstatic) visionary dreams. The series concludes with *The Carnival of Destruction* (1994)—the title taken from a phrase by George Griffiths in *The Angel of the Revolution* (1893) about the destructive technological capability of the next war. There is almost nothing like it in sf/fantasy literature, combining echoes of the scientific romance of Wells and Stapledon (particularly in the third volume), of Dante and Milton and Anatole France's *Revolt of the Angels*, and scientific/philosophical works like Ilya Prigogine's *Order Out of Chaos* and David Bohm's *Wholeness and the Implicate Order*.

A number of biological sf stories, originally published in *Interzone*, *Amazing*, *The Gate*, and *Zenith 2*, together with an article 'Mankind in the Third Millennium', were collected in *Sexual Chemistry: Sardonic Tales of the Genetic Revolution* (1991). Two stories, 'The Magic Bullet' and 'And He Not Busy Being Born' (the title taken from a Bob Dylan track) would be expanded later into novels at each chronological end of Stableford's current Emortality series. Meanwhile, Stableford was pursuing a handy parallel career as editor of a number of anthologies for Dedalus Press, including the first and second *Dedalus Books of Decadence* (1990 and 1992), and further Dedalus anthologies on *British Fantasy: The 19th Century* and *Femmes Fatales* (both 1992).

After the Werewolves trilogy came another trilogy under the punning title *The Books of Genesys* (1995-1997), comprising *Serpent's Blood*, *Salamander's Fire* and *Chimera's Cradle*. This is an sf fantasia of radical biological transformation cast

in the mould of a traditional fantasy trilogy and replete with evocative place-names such as The Soursweet Marshes, The Silver Thorns, The Navel of the World and The Gauntlet of Gladness, but without the handy map. After the difficult, challenging—and rewarding—Werewolves trilogy it might be seen as an odd sideways move. However, the Genesys books recapitulate many of the themes of biological mystery and radical transformation in other works from *The Realms of Tartarus* to 'The Growth of the House of Usher' (1988 in *Interzone* 24, collected in *Sexual Chemistry*).

Stableford's sense of humour has always favoured the dark and sardonic side. In 2000, however, he collected a number of short-short stories about put-upon, homeless, single mother Molly, who ends up saving the world from the forces of darkness (plus alien greys and the Men In Black from deepest Croydon). These were fixed up as a short novel, appropriately titled *Year Zero*, for Sarob Press—for whom he had previously provided an translation, together with an introduction, afterword and notes, for Paul Ferval's *Vampire City* (1999).

Stableford's most recent project is a sequence of six sf novels, the Emortality (or Third Millennium) series currently being published in the US by Tor, which includes *The Fountains of Youth* (2000)—an expansion of the novella length 'Mortimer Gray's History of Death'—one of the finest single works he has written. As with a lot of Stableford's work, the initial seeds lie in a number of earlier short stories. Because they are being published somewhat out of order, and with two novels still to come, the internal chronology is sometimes difficult to unravel. Between them they tell the story, from roughly the present day into the far future, of the faltering search for and eventual discovery of a genuine and open-ended longevity, or emortality (people can still die by violence or accident, even suicide). The chronological beginning and end of the sequence stem from two stories collected in *Sexual Chemistry*. *The Cassandra Complex* (2001) is a scientific mystery thriller-cum-police procedural set just a few years hence, and is based on 'The Magic Bullet' (voted the most popular *Interzone* story in 1990). At the far end of the sequence will be *The Omega Expedition*, based on the story 'And He Not Busy Being Born...', whose theme, of a man who unlocks the secret of immortality only to find it denied to himself, echoes the situation of Noell Cordery in *The Empire of Fear. Inherit the Earth* (1998) and *Architects of Emortality* (1999)—a splendid murder mystery, set in the future with central characters named after Oscar Wilde (as an amateur detective) and pseudonymous author Gabriel King, and based on a short story titled (after a Baudelaire novel) 'Les Fleurs du Mal'—make up the so-far published sequence. The fifth novel, *Dark Ararat*, is due this year, to be followed by *The Omega Expedition*.

And after which? Who knows? It could be almost anything. But after more than 75 books, including 50 novels, and dozens of short stories, Brian Stableford surely deserves a weekend off. Make him welcome. Ask him to talk about Poe, Baudelaire, Anatole France and Oscar Wilde, about vampires, nineteenth century scientific romance, or the promises of biotechnology. Just don't ask him about flour beetles. And badger any British publishers that you see about getting the Emortality novels published in the UK. *

—Steve Jeffery

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Brian Stableford: A Very Good Liar? – by Edward James

'Should I talk about his writing, or do you want it anecdotal?' I rashly asked. 'Anecdotal', apparently. And I began to think about what stories I could tell of Brian. Stories of Brian the Ruthless Hunter, racing into a bookshop at Hay-on-Wye to make sure he got the bargains before I did? Or stories about Brian the Writer and his up-and-down relationships with his publishers; or stories about Brian the Cynical Academic; or stories about Brian the Archetypal Father (from Leo and Kate, or from Brian himself); or, indeed, about Brian the Husband (from Jane)? All but the first are liable to get me into trouble with someone, probably Brian—and, anyway, would be breaking confidences. But at least I can tell you from personal experience (and, indeed, from Brian's own enthusiastic anecdotes): don't tell Brian about a book bargain until you have bought it yourself.

So what can I say to give an idea of Brian the person? It is said that one can learn a lot about someone's personality from looking at their bookshelves. In Brian's case there's a lot to look at: rooms and corridors in his house full to bursting with a superb collection of science fiction and fantasy, and a fair bit of science too. And an Aladdin's cave full of sf magazines, with shelf upon shelf of pulps: when the social order collapses, and everything dissolves into an orgy of looting and pillage, that's where you'll find me, axe in hand and wheelbarrow parked outside on the street.

The most enlightening set of shelves ought to be the entire wall filled with his own writing—his novels, in various editions and translations; the anthologies with his stories; his books of criticism and popular science; the books and journals containing his criticism and reviews. Here his personality ought to be found. But, of course, Brian is a professional liar. Although one could easily work out that he detests violence of a physical kind, and has a fervent dislike of organised or revealed religion of any sort, and a basic trust in science, he is really rather good at hiding his own personality and taking on the personas of others. Every writer is a professional liar, and Brian is a very good one. (A very good one indeed: it is one of the little tragedies of science fiction publishing that his current

series is among the very best sf being written in Britain today, but it is published in New York and not in London.)

Why search for revealing anecdotes, when Brian has given us a more revealing glimpse of his own personality than most sf writers do? We just need to look at the 'Profession of Science Fiction' piece I commissioned from him for *Foundation* (then subtitled merely *the review of science fiction*), for its fiftieth issue, back in 1990. He wrote it not long after his fortieth birthday. It is one of the most fascinating and revealing pieces in this series (which now adds up to exactly 57 varieties).

The piece was written, as he says, at a time in his career when, having given up his university job, he was really feeling optimistic about the future—his own future, that is, not that of the universe. Yet it is shot through with the pessimism that is his much more normal state of mind: 'In the human race I was always a long shot, destined to be listed among those who "also ran"; I sometimes feel that I should never have been entered.'

Brian traces much of his own personality to what happened to him as a child, specifically between the ages of four and eighteen: 'I had no sense of being a total misfit until I was four.' Because he had learnt to read and do arithmetic before he went to school, he was immediately put into a class of children two years older than him. He went to a Catholic school, and at the age of six he went to his first confession and his First Communion, 'already convinced that the idea of God was utterly and absolutely preposterous'. At the age of five he was the only one in his class to wear spectacles; and his eyesight has deteriorated slowly ever since (it is now difficult for him to read books, and the last time I saw Brian he declared that he was going to stop reviewing). Although he was told—no doubt wrongly—that reading too much would make his eyesight worse, he read incessantly; perhaps because of his myopia, he suggested, his isolation from his school-fellows and indeed from the real world grew, and he began to explain his life through literature. Brian was incompetent as a pupil and as a social being, he claims, and literature provided him with a way out and an area of competence. He was fourteen when he discovered sf, and his diaries recorded what he had read: 600 sf books and magazines during each of his two A-level years. (He actually had to give up for a couple of months, in order to get decent grades.) He hadn't become a collector of books at that time—he didn't have the money—but in those days (I remember them too) the British Science Fiction Association ran a postal lending library for books and for magazines. By the age of fifteen he was writing sf, with his friend Craig Mackintosh; the first one they submitted to a magazine—a 'bizarre, episodic, plotless and rather silly story'—actually sold.

Science fiction, he later rationalised, exactly fitted his personality. It was a literature written about aliens, for aliens, by aliens. It didn't matter how weird you were, and even total also-rans in the human race could be satisfied by reading about the inevitable mortality of the universe, and knowing they are not to be blamed for their own misery. By the time Brian left school, he couldn't imagine any other future than as a science fiction writer. Even after he had thrown himself at university into what he described as his three favourite vices—gambling, wine-drinking and sarcasm—he could not throw off his fate. He wrote his first published novel in the last ten days

of his second Easter vacation at university, starting each day at midnight, and not going to bed until he had written 5,000 words. Up to then, he said, he did not have the discipline; nowadays he has more discipline as a writer than anyone else I know, although he keeps rather more social hours. Despite the experience of that first novel, he had no confidence in his ability to be a full-time writer; that only came after twenty years of pretending (rather successfully, I think) to be an academic.

In some ways Brian's story of his childhood is not untypical of the writer, and perhaps particularly the sf writer. Voracious reading, sometimes aided by teenage illnesses; a lonely childhood; a feeling of alienation. It was his feeling of incompetence and consequent unhappiness which led him into science fiction, coupled with 'the sheer ravenousness of my appetite for it and the urge to create as well as feed upon it.'

There's much more in that 1990 article. So if you want to know more about the man, pick *Foundation* 50 off your shelves, if you are one of the sensible, intelligent and informed folk who subscribe, or get in touch with Andy Sawyer at the SFF Collection in Liverpool (a.p.sawyer@liv.ac.uk) and buy it from his amazing stock of bargain back-issues. Or go up to Brian in the bar and offer to buy him a glass of good Burgundy (if the bar has it). He hasn't given up the wine-drinking, although he has largely given up the gambling. But be careful; although he will be perfectly friendly, and willing to talk about himself and his role in the profession, and although he won't bite (because he detests the idea of physical violence), he hasn't been totally successful in his attempts to give up sarcasm...*

—Edward James

Brian Stableford – Select Bibliography

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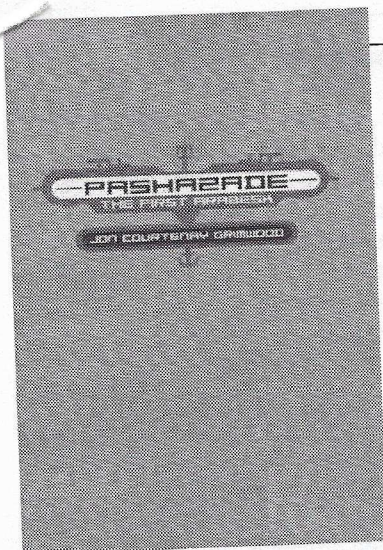
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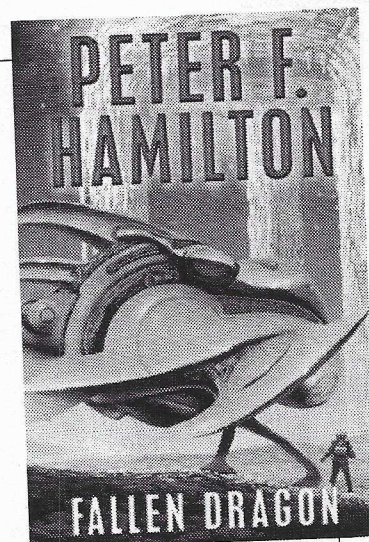
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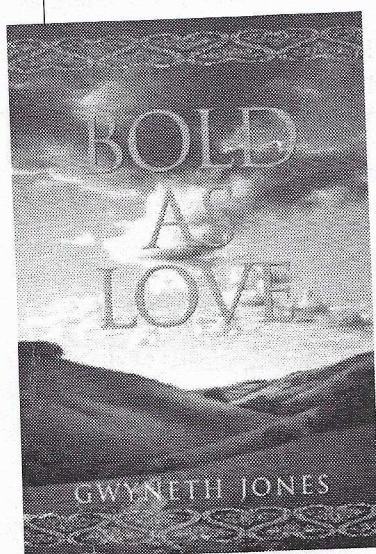
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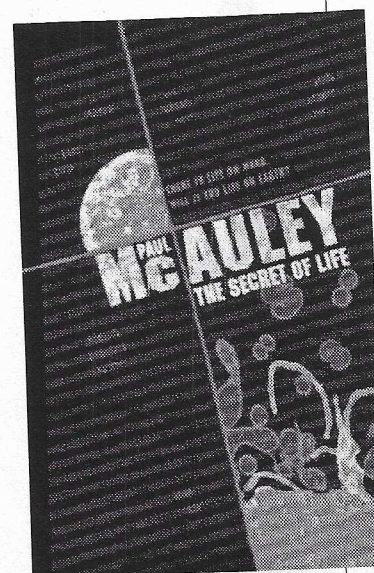
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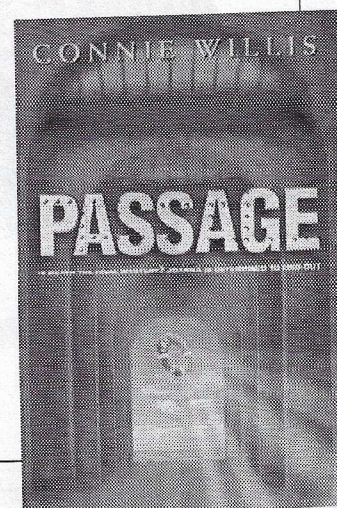
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Harry Turtledove



What If... – by Harry Turtledove

What if...

Most science fiction ideas don't come naturally. Most take a degree of intellectual sophistication that came only with the Industrial Revolution. It's hard to write about the effects of technology before there's much in the way of technology to write about. But alternate history isn't like that. It's as natural as those two mournful little words up there. What if...

What if I'd married Lucy instead of Martha, George instead of Fred? What would my life be like? Would I be richer? Happier? What would our kids have been like, if we'd had kids? What if there hadn't been that traffic accident that clogged three lanes of the freeway, so I wasn't late to the interview? How would things have looked if I'd got that job? Or—let's not think small—what if I won the lottery? How would I live if I had sixty million dollars in the bank?

In our own lives, we endlessly imagine these scenarios. We can't help it. There's always the feeling that we're inside God's pinball machine, bouncing through life and off bumpers at random, and that we could have ended up elsewhere as easily as where we did.

It's certainly true for me. If I hadn't read a particular book—*Lest Darkness Fall*, by L Sprague de Camp—when I was about fourteen years old, I wouldn't have ended up with the degree I have (a doctorate in, God help me, Byzantine history), wouldn't have written much of what I've written (I surely wouldn't be working on this piece now), wouldn't have met the lady I'm married to, wouldn't have the kids I have. Other than that, it didn't change my life a bit. If someone else had taken that novel out of the secondhand bookstore where I found it...

And from there, from the sense that individuals' lives might be plastic, mutable, comes the sense that the wider world might work the same way. 'A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!' Richard III cried. What if he'd got that horse, instead of going down to defeat and death because he didn't? What would England be like today? No different at all? A little different? A lot different? How can we know?

Well, we can't *know*, not in any absolute sense. Whatever else history may be, it's not an experimental science. How can we make plausible guesses, interesting guesses, entertaining guesses? This is the way in which the alternate-history story was born.

The sub-genre is a lot older than you might think, too. As I've noted, alternate history doesn't require a relatively high-tech background. All it requires is the ability to extrapolate from the individual to the wider world, the intuitive leap that lets you see that, just as small things can change individual lives, they can also change wider affairs.

The first man of whom I'm aware who made this leap was the Roman historian Livy, who wrote about the time of Christ. In Book IX, sections 17-19, of his monumental (so monumental that it was frequently abridged and extracted, and does not survive complete) *History of Rome from Its Foundation*, Livy wonders what would have happened if Alexander the Great had turned his attention to the west and attacked the Roman Republic in the late fourth century BC. With fine Roman patriotism, he tries to show that his countrymen could and would have beaten the Macedonian king. My own opinion is that Livy was an optimist, but that's neither here nor there. He clearly invented the game of alternate history—not a small achievement for a man who has

been criticised for the past two thousand years as one who made his history with scissors and paste, taking it all from the works of those who went before him and piecing those works together into a continuous narrative as best he could.

Livy proved to be ahead of his time, as inventors sometimes are. In his case, he was further ahead of his time than most: about eighteen hundred years ahead. Not till the aftermath of Napoleon's downfall did alternate history rear its head again, with several French novels wondering what might have been had the defeated Emperor proved triumphant.

It is not till our own century that most—not all, but most—alternate history came to be reckoned part of that new and sometimes strange kid on the literary block, science fiction. To this day, some people wonder why this identification was made. I have a couple of reasons to propose. For one thing, people who wrote other forms of science fiction also came to write alternate-history stories. And, for another, alternate history plays by some of the same rules as (other) varieties of science fiction. In many science-fiction stories, the author changes one thing in the present or nearer future, and speculates about what would happen in the more distant future as a result of the change. Alternate history goes down the same road, but from a different starting point. It usually changes one thing in the more distant past and speculates about what would have happened in the nearer past or the present. The relationship seems obvious.

The American Civil War has offered aficionados of the sub-genre a playground full of toys ever since a stillness fell at Appomattox. In fact, many Civil War officers' memoirs read as if they were alternate history, with the authors trying to seize credit for everything that went right anywhere near them and blaming incompetent subordinates and superiors for everything that went wrong. But, as their purpose was to make themselves look good rather than really to examine what might have been, they cannot in fact be included among early alternate historians.

The crowded, chaotic twentieth century saw the true rise of alternate history. Murray Leinster's seminal story, 'Sidewise in Time' (after which the Sidewise Award for alternate history is named), introduced this type of story to the science-fiction pulp magazines. But alternate history was also the province of intellectuals on a lark. In 1931, for example, Winston Churchill's essay, 'If Lee Had Not Won the Battle of Gettysburg', examined the possible consequences of a Northern victory in the Civil War in a world where the South won it—a neat double twist. And, in the second volume of his *Study of History*, Arnold Toynbee, in 'The Forfeited Birthright of the Abortive Far Western Christian Civilization,' postulated a world in which Celtic Christianity had survived along with the Roman variety, and in which the Muslims defeated the Franks at the Battle of Tours in 732.

This latter speculation was later fictionalised by L Sprague de Camp in his classic novella, 'The Wheels of If', which imagined a modern lawyer from our world transported to the twentieth century of that one. That novella, along with de Camp's even more important novel, *Lest Darkness Fall*—in which an archaeologist is dropped back into the Rome of the sixth century AD and seeks to keep the Dark Ages from descending on Europe by propping up the Ostrogothic Kingdom of Italy against the resurgent Byzantine Empire and by improving technology—finished the job begun by Leinster's story and brought alternate-historical speculation into the orbit of science fiction.

In the years following the Second World War, a few writers followed de Camp's lead and produced thoughtful alternate histories of their own. H Beam Piper's Paratime stories and Poul Anderson's tales of the Time Patrol (and, in a different vein, his stories collected in *Operation Chaos*, in which magic reappeared in the world as a technology around the beginning of the twentieth century) stand out among these.

For the centennial of the War Between the States, Pulitzer Prize winner MacKinlay Kantor wrote *If the South Had Won the Civil War*, an optimistic scenario in which the severed parts of the US reunite in the 1960s. Also coming into prominence during the decades following the end of the Second World War were stories where the Axis won, which have challenged Confederate victories in the Civil War for popularity. Three of the best of the earlier ones were Sarban's *The Sound of His Horn*, C M Kornbluth's great novella, 'Two Dooms', and Philip K Dick's Hugo-winning novel, *The Man in the High Castle*.

In the 1960s, two Englishmen, John Brunner and Keith Roberts, produced stimulating alternate histories on a subject particularly relevant to British hearts: a successful invasion by the Spanish Armada. Brunner's *Times Without Number* examined why travel between different time lines doesn't happen more often, while Roberts' beautiful *Pavane* looked at, among other things, the consequences of slowing down technological growth (strictly speaking, *Pavane* isn't an alternate history, but a first cousin: a recursive future). At about the same time, Keith Laumer, in *Worlds of the Imperium* and its two sequels, did a first-rate job of combining alternate history with fast-moving adventure.

But alternate history really became a more prominent sub-genre in the last two decades of the twentieth century. There are a couple of reasons for this. One is that, with our much greater knowledge of the true nature of the Solar System, we have found that it looks much less inviting than it did a couple of generations ago. There are no canals on Mars, and no Martians either; nor are there oceans on Venus full of reptilian monsters. Before the space probes went out, these were scientifically plausible speculations. No more; brute facts have killed such possibilities. Furthermore, more people trained in history have begun writing science fiction, and have naturally gravitated to areas with which they find themselves familiar: S M Stirling, with a law degree and an undergraduate degree in history; Susan Shwartz and Judith Tarr, both with doctorates in western medieval studies; and myself, with a doctorate in Byzantine history (a subject I was inspired to study, as I've said, by *Lest Darkness Fall*).

Stirling's Draka universe, commencing with *Marching Through Georgia*, is as thoroughly unpleasant a place as any ever envisioned by an alternate historian, but, especially in *Under the Yoke*, alarmingly convincing as well. His more recent trilogy, beginning with *Island in the Sea of Time*, drops the entire island of Nantucket back to about 1250 BC and examines the consequences with fine writing, splendid research, and careful logic.

Shwartz and Tarr have both combined fantasy and alternate history in intriguingly different ways. Shwartz's series that begins with *Byzantium's Crown* looks at a magical medieval world that might have sprung from Cleopatra's victory over Octavian, while Tarr's beautifully written Hound and Falcon trilogy and other succeeding books examine what the world might have been like if immortal elves were real rather than mythical.

My own book-length work includes *Agent of Byzantium*, set in a world where Muhammad did not found Islam; *A Different Flesh*, in which *Homo erectus* rather than American Indians populated the New World; *A World of Difference*, which makes the planet in Mars's orbit different enough to support life; the *Worldwar* series, which imagines an alien invasion in 1942; *The Guns of the South*, in which time-traveling South Africans give Robert E Lee AK-47s; and *How Few Remain* and *The Great War* books, which embroil an independent Confederacy and the USA in World War I.

In a slightly different vein, Kim Newman has imagined the Victorian age and the early years of the twentieth century controlled by vampires in *Anno Dracula* and *The Bloody Red Baron*. The really frightening thing about the latter book is that the First World War he imagines is no bloodier than the one we really had. Newman's entertaining *Back in the USSA* (written with Eugene Byrne) looks at a Red revolution in the United States rather than Russia, with Al Capone in the role of Stalin.

And alternate history has not become the sole province of escaped history buffs. Aerospace engineer Stephen Baxter's *Voyage* looks at a journey to Mars in 1986 that might have happened had John Kennedy not been assassinated. This is hard science fiction at its best, as is Gregory Benford's award-winning *Timescape*, which touches on ecological disaster along with its main theme of communicating across timelines.

Nor has alternate history remained the sole province of science fiction writers. Spymaster Len Deighton produced *SS-GB*, a chilling account of a Nazi-occupied Britain. And journalist Robert Harris's *Fatherland* became an international bestseller—certainly a breakthrough for alternate history. *Fatherland*, another tale of Germany triumphant, is carefully researched; its principal flaw seems to be a conviction that the discovery of the Holocaust twenty years after the fact would be a world-shaking event rather than a nine days' wonder, if even that.

Several anthologies have also highlighted alternate history in recent years. Gregory Benford edited *Hitler Victorious* and, with Martin H Greenberg, the four volumes titled *What Might Have Been* that examined different ways in which the past might have changed. And the prolific Mike Resnick edited and wrote for a series of *Alternate* anthologies, including such titles as *Alternate Kennedys* and *Alternate Tyrants*. Alternate-history stories have found homes in magazines as diverse as *Omni* and *Analog*.

And there is a renewed interest in alternate history outside the confines of science fiction and fantasy. Articles on the topic have appeared in such mainstream publications as *USA Today* and *American Heritage*, and academic alternate histories, the parlour game of the 1930s, are respectable once again. Serious historians have played the game in two collections of essays edited by Kenneth Macksey, *Invasion: The Alternate History of the German Invasion, July 1940* and *The Hitler Options: Alternate Decisions of World War II*. Peter Tsouras's recent *Disaster at D-Day: The Germans Defeat the Allies, June 1944* and *Gettysburg: An Alternate History* recall, in their detail and fictional critical apparatus, Robert Sobel's classic *For Want of a Nail*, which imagines a failed American Revolution and the subsequent 180 years of history from the perspective of a college history text.

I have no doubt that, with so many talented writers wondering what might have been, we will continue to see many more fascinating, thought-provoking stories in the

century recently born. The purpose of any good fiction, after all, is not to examine the created world alone, but to hold up that created world as a mirror to the reality we all experience. Alternate history gives us a funhouse mirror that lets us look at reality in ways we cannot get from any other type of story. That, to me, is its principal attraction—along with the joys of storytelling.*

—Harry Turtledove

A version of this article first appeared as the introduction to The Best Alternate History Stories of the Twentieth Century.

How to change the world – by Paul Kincaid

'Give me a firm spot on which to stand,' Archimedes once wrote, 'and I will move the earth.' The spot necessary for those who would change our past, and our present, is one not-so-firm moment in history when things might have gone either way. Such a turning point is the first requirement for anyone who would essay an alternate history, and there are plenty of them. History is remarkably fluid, and very few of the certainties which made the world turn out the way we know it are as sure as all that. Rumour has it that whenever military colleges carry out wargaming exercises that refight the Battle of Waterloo, they invariably end up with Napoleon winning.

Of course, the starting point that can set an alternate history on its way does not have to be a battle. In his new novel, *The Years of Rice and Salt*, Kim Stanley Robinson imagines that the Black Death was even more devastating than in reality and virtually wiped out the population of Europe. In *Pasquale's Angel* Paul McAuley has Leonardo da Vinci kick off the Industrial Revolution three hundred years early. And in the linked stories, collected as *Agent of Byzantium*, that first made his name as a writer of alternate histories, Harry Turtledove imagined that Muhammed became a Christian saint.

Nevertheless, the turning point that most alternate historians choose is war or revolution. These are treacherous times: a lucky shot, a slight delay, a mislaid order, a misunderstood report can all affect the outcome not just of one battle but of an entire war, and therefore all that might flow from its result. 'For want of a nail,' the old rhyme has it, 'the battle was lost', and alternate histories are all about the want of that nail. Sometimes that nail can be the loss of an important leader at a vital moment: Keith Roberts, in *Pavane*, has Queen Elizabeth assassinated just before the Spanish Armada sails; MacKinlay Kantor, in *If the South Had Won the Civil War*, has General Grant thrown from his horse and killed at a crucial point in his Vicksburg campaign; in *The Man in the High Castle*, Philip K Dick has Franklin D Roosevelt assassinated in 1933. More often it's a change of fortune on the field of battle. John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry actually does foment the slave rebellion he dreamed of, as Terry Bisson describes it in *A Fire on the Mountain*; the Nazi high command heeds a premonition and does not invade Russia in 1941 in Hilary Bailey's 'The Fall of Frenchy Steiner'; and vital orders are not lost on the eve of Antietam in Harry Turtledove's *How Few Remain*.

But there is another reason why so many alternate historians choose war or rebellion as their turning point. Alternate history needs more than just a twist in time; it needs something to depend upon that twist. There have to be consequences spinning out from that moment of change so that in some significant way the resultant world is different

from the one we know. What is the point of finding a dramatic turning point, only for it to make no difference whatsoever? That is why, if you go to something like the Uchronia web site (www.uchronia.net) and look at their Points of Divergence—the term they use for what I call, more simply, turning points—you will see huge clusters around certain key dates, notably the 1860s and the 1940s. The American Civil War and the Second World War are gifts to the alternate historian, not just because they are stuffed with appropriate turning points (look closely at the Battle of Gettysburg, for instance, and you will find at least a dozen points during those three crucial days when the outcome could easily have gone the other way), but also because the consequences of a change in history are so great. Upon the Civil War hinged the unity of the United States—with all that implied for its future international wealth and power—and the fate of the slaves, a moral issue that still has repercussions today. Upon the Second World War hinged the independence of most of the countries that make up Europe—with all that implies for our current well-being—and the fate of the Jews, a moral issue of unimaginable importance. In other words, one horseshoe nail lost during either of those wars could totally overturn everything we take for granted in the world around us, and all the moral certainties we possess.

The way that alternate history highlights the fragility of the past and the spectacular consequences that might result from a very small change has always fascinated historians. That is why so many of them have experimented with the sub-genre, from the contributors to J C Squire's *If It Had Happened Otherwise* in 1931 (G M Trevelyan, A J P Taylor, Winston Churchill) via William L Shirer's 'If Hitler had Won World War II' to the contributors to Robert Cowley's *What If?* in 1999 (John Keegan, David McCullough, James M McPherson). However, it has to be said that few enough of them have been able to turn their speculations into compelling narratives. Of course, you don't need to be a historian to find a simple, significant turning point and examine the consequences that have flowed from it. Terry Bisson, after all, wrote a biography of the slave rebel Nat Turner, while MacKinlay Kantor researched the Civil War for decades, resulting in the award-winning novels *Long Remember* and *Andersonville*, before he turned to the alternate historical speculation of *If the South Had Won the Civil War*. But this is where Harry Turtledove wins out, for he is a historian with a great storytelling ability, a combination of talents which, if not exactly unique, has at least made him pre-eminent in the field of alternate history.

His PhD was in Byzantine history, an area of expertise that comes out in his first venture into alternate history, *Agent of Byzantium*, and also provides the setting for his excellent straight historical novel, *Justinian*, published under the not exactly opaque pseudonym of H N Turteltaub. In collaboration with the actor Richard Dreyfuss he has also played with the American Revolution as a turning point in *The Two Georges*. The second edition of the *Encyclopedia of Science Fiction* says of Turtledove: he 'has never failed to be exuberant when he sees the chance', and this light-hearted book—which makes fun of technology and historical figures while keeping up a fast-paced mystery plot—illustrates the point precisely. Other than this, however, most of his attention has been focused on rewriting the last 150 years, particularly those two great nodes of alternate historical speculation, the Civil War and the Second World War. The resultant string of

novels—*The Guns of the South*, *How Few Remain*, the four Worldwar novels, three each in the Colonization and The Great War series, and now the beginning of a new sequence, with *American Empire: Blood and Iron*—have revealed both strengths and weaknesses in Turtledove's approach to alternate history. The weaknesses include a tendency to use ahistorical turning points—time-travelling Afrikaners, alien invaders—and a perhaps overly exuberant love of teasing out the consequences of change, to the extent that seven novels have so far been needed to consider the effects of an alien invasion in the Second World War; and five, with more to come, to consider the effects of a Confederate victory in the Civil War. Turtledove's strength is the way he can use such apparent weaknesses to his own advantage.

The 1993 edition of the *Encyclopedia of Science Fiction* concluded its entry on Harry Turtledove by saying: 'he has not yet written any single book that has unduly stretched his very considerable intellect.' But the year before, in 1992, he had done just that with the publication of *The Guns of the South*. It is a novel which shows, at every juncture, it was written by a historian. There is the precisely chosen moment of change, the eve of Grant's Virginia campaign in early 1864 when the Confederacy had no realistic hope of victory, but when the judicious introduction of a new weapon—the AK-47s provided by our time-travelling Afrikaners—could still turn the tables. There's a historian's sensibility obvious in the first small but notable effect of these weapons, which lies not in their killing power but in their lack of sparks. One of the most horrific incidents in the war occurred during the Battle of the Wilderness, the first battle in the Virginia Campaign and here Lee's first opportunity to put the AK-47s to use. It was fought in dense, tinder-dry woodland that was set alight by sparks from the muskets in use at the time. In the night, after the first day of fighting, wounded soldiers between the lines were burned to death by the fire. With the AK-47 contributing no sparks, in this history there is no fire.

The point of any alternate history is not the moment or nature of the change; that's a matter for more academically-minded counterfactuals. The point is what happens after the change. If the two issues that make the Civil War such an obvious choice for the alternate historian are the disunity of the States and the moral dilemma of slavery, then one really must examine how authors have dealt with these issues. Turtledove's distinguished predecessors in the field have tended mostly to focus on the issue of disunity. Winston Churchill, in 'If Lee Had Not Won the Battle of Gettysburg', imagines a divided America which does not dominate the world stage. His curious essay-story is actually very little about the effects upon America, but rather how British political history is changed: the great Tory Prime Minister Disraeli becomes a leader of the radicals, while the great radical Gladstone becomes the leader of the Conservatives. Ward Moore, in *Bring the Jubilee*, imagines an impoverished North until his hero travels in time and effectively puts history right. MacKinlay Kantor imagines North and South being gradually drawn back together through their involvement in world events, until on the centenary of the war they are reunited. Turtledove is the only alternate historian of any note to focus on the South after the war, and in so doing makes the issue of slavery, or rather of black emancipation, the central issue of his book. This is emphasised by the device which puts his plot into motion: the Afrikaners have travelled back in time to establish a state in which blacks continue to be

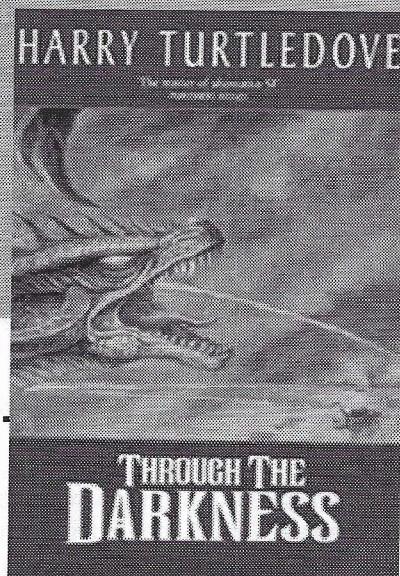
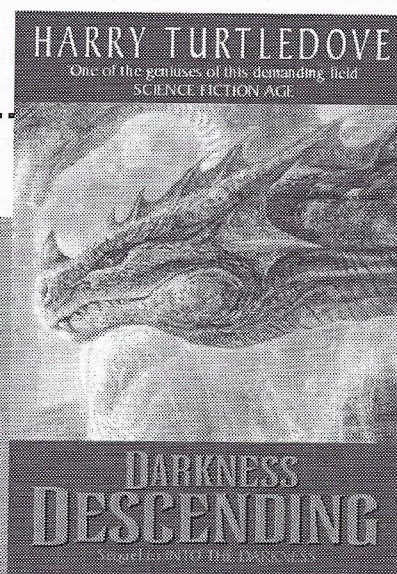
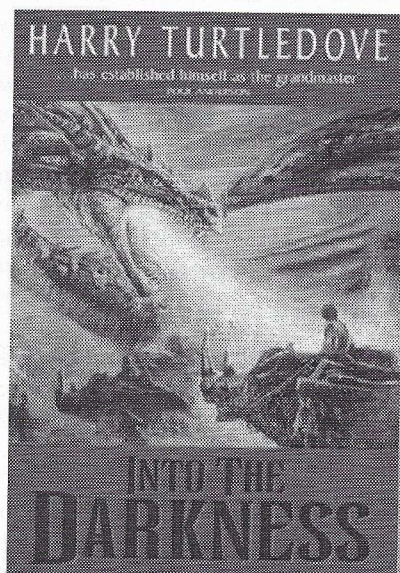


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subservient. Once the war is over, therefore, the drama centres upon the struggle between the White Supremacists, the Afrikaaners and their ally Nathan Bedford Forrest (the genius of the Confederate cavalry who, in our history, went on to found the Ku Klux Klan), and Lee, inevitably swept into the Confederate presidency, and his allies who are trying to create a modern and viable Confederate state. Churchill had Lee free the slaves, and so does Turtledove. Again, this is the mark of a historian: the real Robert E Lee freed his family slaves, was never more than ambivalent about the institution, and late in the war incurred the wrath of his political masters by suggesting that slaves be freed in order to recruit blacks into the Confederate army.

(For further evidence that this is the work of a serious historian fully engaged with his period, just turn to the back of the book where you will find a detailed, state-by-state breakdown of the popular and electoral college votes in the first post-war presidential elections in both North and South. The figures are plausibly extrapolated from actual voting patterns before, during, and after the war, and provide the sort of detail only a historian would think to provide.)

The exuberance that the *Encyclopedia* spoke of might also be termed playfulness. Even in so serious and powerful a work as *The Guns of the South* there is an element of play, the sense of a historian having fun with the idea of turning events on their head. One such incidental pleasure in the novel is the role played by Henry Pleasants. In our history Pleasants devised a plan to tunnel under the Confederate lines at Petersburg and set off a bomb. It was a brilliant idea, spoiled by the execution. The Union officer charged with leading his men through the breach in the Confederate lines spent the entire incident drunk under a table. His men were untried coloured troops who were not told to go around the crater rather than into it, and were not equipped with any means of getting out of the hole once they were in there. The fight, known as the Crater, was a fiasco. But, of course, it happened after the point at which Turtledove's history changes and is unknown to the participants in that story, until Lee discovers a history of the war brought by the Afrikaaners. He and Pleasants are then able to replicate the Crater, successfully this time, at a crucial point in the plot. It is this sort of resonance between the alternate history and our history that is one of the chief joys of this sort of novel if it is done well. Turtledove tends to do it well.

Turtledove's examinations of history have always tended to concentrate on character, and I suspect that one of the things he likes doing most in his novels is looking at how real people might have behaved in very different circumstances. The *Worldwar* books, for instance, use the character of Skorzeny in much the same way Pleasants was used in *The Guns of the South*. In our history, Skorzeny was the dashing hero of the Nazi cause responsible for a succession of daring exploits such as the rescue of a recently-deposed Mussolini from jail in 1943. In this alternate history he is equally dashing, equally devoted to the Nazi cause, but here his exploits are subtly transposed into attacks upon the alien lizards.

I make no great claims for the *Worldwar* sequence; I think it is an example of Turtledove's natural exuberance winning out over the more sober historian. Not to put too fine a point on it, this is a romp. Turtledove loads the dice shamelessly: the aliens expect human technology to be no further advanced than Roman times and are constantly astonished by human ability to adapt to rapid change. They are further hampered by

the climate (Earth is far colder than their worlds) and by a suddenly discovered addiction to ginger. Turtledove even makes his invaders the archetypal green scaly monsters. The British publisher, depicting these aliens fairly faithfully on the covers, created the sort of garish work that sensitive souls might once have wrapped in brown paper rather than be seen in public with such books. And *Worldwar* is a garish sort of work. It is not meant to be taken seriously. At least, I hope it isn't. But having chucked a bloody great rock into the pool of history, Turtledove then watches the ripples with careful attention. And along the way there are innumerable incidental delights for the historically minded. The distrustful relationship between the Soviet government and the Nazi high command is beautifully judged. The decision of Polish Jews to work with the aliens against the Germans is shockingly perceptive. The casual anti-Semitism experienced by a Jew in the British army is disturbing because it rings so true. It's almost jokily done, but again Turtledove tackles the great moral dimensions highlighted by this change in history.

This curiosity about what might have changed and what might have stayed the same is, I think, the driving force behind all of Turtledove's work. It can lead him, as I think it has done in *Colonization*, the sequel sequence to *Worldwar*, into something not much different from militaristic soap opera. But it can also lead him into glorious perceptions of the nature of history and of historical characters. That is what you find in Turtledove's return to the Civil War, *How Few Remain*. This is a genuine alternate history with no trace of time travel; his turning point is a historian's delight, one of those curious incidents that chroniclers of the war love to recount. In the days preceding the battle of Antietam, a couple of Union soldiers found three cigars in a field. The cigars were wrapped in an order issued by Lee which described in detail how he had divided up his army. History does not record what happened to the cigars, but the orders went straight to General McClellan. McClellan was, at this time, the ranking field commander in the Union army, but he had a propensity for finding any excuse to avoid action. A few months before, during the series of battles known as the Seven Days, he had won all but one of the battles, but he had still retreated until he comprehensively lost the campaign. Now, for the first time in his career, he had detailed and accurate knowledge of the disposition of the enemy troops. He still delayed long enough for the Battle of Antietam to be, in strictly military terms, a draw, but Lee was forced to withdraw from the field; Lincoln could thus claim the victory and issue the Emancipation Proclamation which changed the nature of the war. So those cigars made a very big difference. Turtledove imagines they were never lost.

As I said before, there's no point in writing an alternate history of the Civil War if the South doesn't win; it's what comes after that matters. This time, Turtledove has North and South going to war once more in the 1880s. Again there are the touches, the insights that only come from a historian's perspective. We have, for instance, a hyperactive Teddy Roosevelt getting into cavalry charges twenty years before San Juan Hill. More interestingly and intriguingly we have Lincoln, escaping assassination in this history, touring the West delivering lectures that are all but communist in tone, although what he says is largely and cleverly derived from what he actually said in life. Despite such wonderful moments, however, *How Few Remain* is not a great success as a novel, largely because it is simply there to provide a point of

transition leading up to his next (and current) sequence of novels which portray an alternate First World War. But there are good reasons for a historian to provide such a point of transition.

If you have ever wondered why we are positively overburdened with alternate civil wars and visions of Hitler winning the Second World War, while there are virtually no alternate versions of the First World War, the answer is twofold. In the first place, apart from a couple of possible moments during the Germans' headlong dash towards Paris in the first days of war, the Great War is not over-endowed with turning points. There just aren't the possibilities for tweaking events enough to make a difference. Secondly, changing the course of the war wouldn't necessarily have had a great dramatic effect anyway. Unlike the prospects of slavery continuing or concentration camps proliferating, no great evil was defeated by the First World War; there was no huge moral dimension hanging over the static network of trenches and wasted lives. So the alternate historian is lacking the two most basic tools at his command: a place to make a change, and a difference to make. Looking back half a century gives Turtledove his necessary turning point and it also gives his novels their point: with North and South on opposite sides, he gives the First World War a chance to have a greater effect upon the character of the world. And now, carrying the story forward with the American Empire series, he begins to add a moral dimension to the mix: in this post-war world of the 1920s America is not a land of flappers and Hollywood, but rather of socialism in the North and fascism in the South.

In *The Guns of the South* we have one of the finest alternate histories yet written. That achievement alone would be enough to make any author worthy of serious attention. But if Harry Turtledove's subsequent alternate histories have tended to be more exuberant, they have never shirked the serious moral questions that are raised whenever anyone tries to change the world. It is not given to everyone to be able to produce novels that are so briskly readable yet which are able to contain within them nuggets of genuine and often disturbing thoughtfulness.*

—Paul Kincaid

Harry Turtledove: Not of This Earth – by Esther M Friesner

Harry Turtledove is an alien. This is my theory and I'm sticking to it, especially as the weather gets warmer. Now I suppose you're going to want proof of that, aren't you? Tsk. Picky, picky, picky.

Well, never fear, when it comes to crackpot theories I can come up with proof aplenty and then some. After all, I went to Vassar. Plus I was a big fan of *The X-Files* back when it was actually entertaining.

I've known Harry for a long time, long enough that we can look at one another's children and burst into those most dreaded of all adult utterances, namely: 'My goodness, is *that* little (Insert name of your friend's hapless child here)? Let me get a good look at you. Heavens to Betsy, how you've grown! Why, I remember you when you were only *this* high.' (Of course, in the case of any of Harry's offspring, the phrase 'only *this* high' is usually uttered while holding one's hand somewhere above one's own head.) The length and closeness of our friendship has thus given me access to knowledge and

information not vouchsafed to the casual observer.

So why do I think that Harry is an alien? I'll be happy to tell you, but—wait, you're not from the Government, are you?... All right, I suppose I'll have to take your word for that.

My first inkling as to Harry's otherworldly origins was when our families went to Knott's Berry Farm together. (Harry and his kin live in Los Angeles, California, which some people think constitutes grounds for alien citizenship right off, but I never did like easy answers.) Our daughter and one of his three lovely girls decided that they wanted to go on one of those amusement park rides which are designed by sadistic squirrels on crack cocaine: the sort where you are strapped into a vehicle that combines the safest elements of a bobsled and a torpedo, shot at high speed through two loop-the-loops and then, while you are giving thanks to have *that* ordeal over and done with, you are launched right back over the same ungodly track—only this time you're flying *backwards*.

While none of the adults in the party had any problems with risking the lives of our children on this contraption, the park rules stated that the girls were too young to go on that abominable construct unescorted. Harry's wife Laura demurred since she had to mind their youngest girl. My husband bowed out, being subject to motion sickness. I refused on the grounds that I was a yellow-bellied coward.

Harry volunteered, thus displaying unearthly courage and parental devotion seldom seen on this planet. Upon his return, I was not alone in noting that his skin had turned a rather luminous shade of... *green!* Although the most commonly held image of aliens is the *Little Green Man*, I'd like to point out that 'little' is a relative term. Harry *is* a man and was, on that occasion, green. QED. (Or as we in the States like to say: 'Well, *duh!*')

Having established a firm foundation for my case, I found it astonishing how quickly other evidence accrued, like cat hair to a black skirt.

Item: In his alternate history novels he manages to play cat's cradle with the strands of what-might-have-beens, thus hinting at personal experience with time travel, a technology not yet vouchsafed puny earthlings.

Item: In the military aspects of those same books he displays a masterful strategic hand heretofore seen only in alien masterminds intent on taking over the world (or in *Dungeons and Dragons*™ addicts).

Item: He has been known to pun wantonly, with little or no regard for human life.

Item: He is, as previously mentioned, the father of three lovely daughters. And what does he choose as a wholesome family activity to share with them? Something fine and decent and 100% American, like watching MTV music videos together? Nooooo. He teaches them classical Greek!

And if you think this sounds like a harmless, intellectually enriching pastime, I call your attention back to Mr Turtledove's time-travelling capabilities and his undoubted plans for world conquest. Don't you come crying to *me* when you find yourself up to your rucksacks in Uzi-toting Athenian hoplites!

Item: There will come a point in time when all three of Mr. Turtledove's daughters will be teenagers *simultaneously*.

This inescapable temporal certainty would send ordinary fathers gibbering into the night, or at least checking out the particulars of all-girl Swiss boarding schools; yet Harry Turtledove is *not in the least apprehensive* of his pending fate,

nor has he picked out a secure hidey-hole against this inevitability.

I ask you, is this the behaviour of an average human father? I think not.

Item: I never did trust that beard of his. What is he hiding? Tentacles? A third eye? Breakfast?

Item: This is the last, and perhaps the most telling: namely the fact that while Harry Turtledove is a multi-talented, rightfully praised, award-winning author of more books and stories than you can shake a stick at (if shaking a stick at books is your idea of a good time), he is *modest* about the whole thing.

Yes, that's right, you heard me: I used the words 'modest' and 'author' in the same sentence.

Do you call that human?

Keep watching the skies. *

—Esther M Friesner

Harry Turtledove – Select Bibliography

Compiled with substantial assistance from Roger Robinson and additional information from the website at: www.sfsite.com/~silverag/turtledove.html

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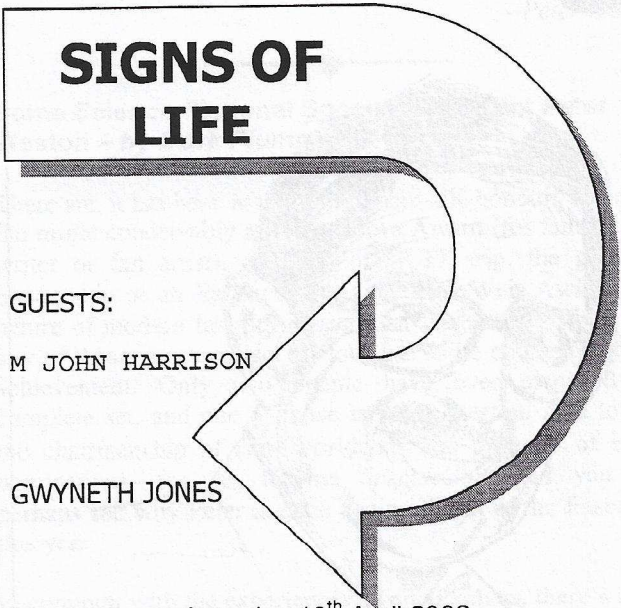
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For further bibliographic information on Harry Turtledove, please see Steven Silver's website at:

www.sfsite.com/~silverag/turtledove.html

... which contains listings of books, stories and non-fiction writings.

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Peter Weston



An Alien View of History – by Peter Weston

The more I consider recent history, the more certain I feel that someone, or something, is pulling the strings. Are they time-travellers, or from another star?

Let's go with the most likely explanation—we're in quarantine (the Fermi Paradox) and being manipulated by an advanced interstellar civilisation. Not exactly a new idea, I know. Some sf writers have come amazingly close to the truth, but then, that's a risk the aliens took when they first created science fiction as one of their key tools for changing the world. Yes, that's right, Hugo Gernsback was an alien front-man!

Actually I doubt if Uncle Hugo himself was really an alien being. It's much more likely that the idea of 'scientifiction' was simply imprinted in his brain (so strongly that Gernsback clearly could think of nothing else until the day he died, 30+ years later). Because they *need* science fiction; it has already taken us a long way forward, and it remains the most convenient mechanism through which we can be drip-fed with some of the ideas they want us to take up.

But these aliens play rough! Think about this:

'The twentieth century, Si, should have been the best, the happiest, the human race ever knew. We were on our way in those first early years! And then the great change occurred. Something that sent us down another path. Into a war nobody needed.'

That's from Jack Finney's *From Time To Time*, where Simon Morley's mentor, Rube Prien, explains how the First World War was an unwanted war, a foolish war that could so easily have been averted, and what in the end caused the outbreak of hostilities. Myself, I think its origins go back much further, back into the previous century. It was the third (or maybe fourth) major intervention in human affairs.

Because I believe we are in very much the situation described by Iain M Banks in his Culture novels. You'll recall their 'Contact' Section, in *The Player Of Games*:

'Contact uses individuals ... it puts people into younger societies who have a dramatic and decisive effect on the fates of entire meta-civilisations.'

Occasionally they get it wrong, as in *Look To Windward*, where the Culture's interference accidentally sets off a major war. In the book they are suitably apologetic, but I think Iain has ducked the issue. In reality—in our world—the aliens know that *progress is made fastest* under the spur of warfare. And warfare is what they have been giving us for the last two hundred years!

The first intervention? Undoubtedly with Napoleon. A mystery man from nowhere, he had incredible charisma, climbed to power with dizzying speed, completely wrecked the existing order, and then conveniently and mysteriously 'died' soon after his job was over. Ah, you may say, but Napoleon lost at Waterloo. *Of course he did!* Why do you think the Emperor experienced 'unnatural torpor' (in the words of historian Andrew Roberts) on that crucial Saturday morning, 17 June 1815, and then split his forces by sending Marshal Grouchy off with 33,000 troops on a wild-goose chase, just when he needed them the most? *Because he wanted to lose the battle.*

Who knows how the aliens calculate these things, but my guess is that they chose Britain as their principal crucible a long time ago, and started off the Scientific Age and the Industrial Revolution with another imprinting (Isaac

Newton?). On this reckoning Napoleon's role was only to act as a catalyst, to break up the old structures of Europe and to pressure Britain (through nearly twenty years of warfare) into accelerating its industrial and social development. It was a set-up. The poor French never had a chance!

And the United States is part of the picture. As the historian Bernard Bailyn put it, 'one had to be a fool or fanatic in early January 1776 to advocate American independence'. Yet somehow it happened. One protagonist in particular raises my suspicions: Thomas Paine, who, as Bill Bryson says, 'was as unlikely a figure to change the course of history as you could imagine'. In Britain he was an unwashed, tumbledown drunk, a failure at every trade he had attempted, and then suddenly he turned up in America as a raging advocate of revolution whose eloquence even influenced Jefferson's Declaration of Independence.

A little later you'll notice that our friend Napoleon, quite uncharacteristically, sold the Louisiana territories to President Jefferson for a knockdown price, thus giving the US a big push on its way to world power status. Another part of the Plan, perhaps, to create two or three strong, industrialised societies who could eventually be prodded into all-out war.

But by the mid-nineteenth century Britain had become too strong; it had no rival. It was time to step up the pace by introducing another catalyst, and this time the infiltrator was Chancellor Bismarck of Germany. His role was absolutely pivotal, in creating the autocratic German Empire, in seizing Alsace-Lorraine and igniting the undying enmity of the French, and most of all by providing thoroughly bad career guidance to the future Emperor, Wilhelm II. Actually, I think the aliens might have had to tinker with this one a bit. Wilhelm's father, the Emperor Frederick, was friendly with Britain—Queen Victoria was Frederick's mother-in-law!—and showed alarming signs of wanting to introduce parliamentary democracy. So, very unfortunately, he contracted throat cancer and died early. And young Wilhelm was born with a withered left arm, giving him all sorts of interesting complexes which could be triggered when the time was right—in 1914.

These are the major turning-points as I see them, but there may be others. Perhaps the Russian Revolution (although in the context of the ongoing First World War this could have been an entirely home-grown disaster)? Similarly with the Second World War, where a convincing case could be made for Hitler in much the same way as for Napoleon and Tom Paine—a nobody, with seemingly mesmeric powers over better men.

So this leaves us with the one Big Question: why? For what reason would an advanced race wish to put humanity through the torments of the last few hundred years, during which time so many millions have died? Could we be at the mercy of a bunch of interstellar sadists, who manipulate our lives as a vicious form of *entertainment*? (And yes, that idea has also been suggested by sf writers.)

Rather, I think the truth was put forward by 'Robert Randall' (Silverberg & Garrett) in their 1957 novel, *The Dawning Light*. Here it is Earthmen who have destabilised a planetary culture, and when asked why, they reply:

'We had conquered the stars. And ourselves. But we lacked friends. And we lacked conflict. Within a few thousand years we would stagnate and—eventually—die out. We found you. We needed you—and you needed us. But unless your people developed on their

own they would have been so overwhelmed by us that we could never be equals. So we had to smash your culture—force you to learn to build anew.'

I said earlier that progress is made fastest through war; but I didn't mean just our science and industry, although it has indeed developed at an incredible pace. Look at our computers, communications, our understanding of the universe, the way in which we can maintain large parts of the world in good health and luxury.

But more than that, consider the political and social changes since, say, 1900. Gone are the Empires, the very idea that one people can be ruled by others, that any one race (or sex!) is superior. Hopefully we have overdosed on war, so that the very idea of committing ground troops in more than the smallest numbers can bring down governments, and major international conflict is unthinkable. Totalitarianism is discredited, democracy is in the ascendant. Yes, there are still pest-holes and trouble-spots, but the world is learning how to deal with them and is groping its way towards an understanding that no nation can be allowed to threaten others or to terrorise its own people. We have population pressures, but we are trying to contain them. We have pollution, but we understand the fragility of the ecosphere and we may—just—gain sufficient knowledge in time to save it.

I wonder, what would have happened without intervention by the Contact Section? Would Earth have stumbled blindly on for century after century of crusades and empires, pirates and slavers, famine and epidemic, uncontrolled breeding and despoliation of the planet? The twentieth century was bad enough, but maybe our alien benefactors are wise enough to have known that the alternative would ultimately have been far worse.

And science fiction? That's necessary to show us the way forward; to illustrate the pitfalls and the promise the future holds. And, of course, to prepare us for Contact.

That's my theory, anyway. But it just *might* be time-travellers!*

—Peter Weston

Some Science-Fictional Speculation about Peter Weston – by Mark Plummer

There are, it has been argued, four main UK honours that an sf fan might conceivably attract: a Nova Award (for fanzine, fan writer or fan artist), a TAFF or GUFF trip, the guest of honourship at an Eastercon, and the Doc Weir Award. The nature of modern fandom is such that few people can expect any of these, so to collect all four has to be counted a major achievement. Only two people have ever managed the complete set, and one of those is Peter Weston. Add to that the chairmanship of two Worldcons and a clutch of Hugo nominations—for the fanzine *Speculation*—and you can perhaps see why Peter is once again a guest at the Eastercon this year.

In common with the experiences of many others, there's more than a little serendipity in Peter's fannish career path; but it's all so mythic in nature—the way things are supposed to happen—that it's easy to forget that, once upon a time, things really *did* happen this way.

Back in 1963, the Birmingham SF Group—a forerunner of the current BSFG and temporarily re-branded as the Erdington

SF Circle to secure coverage in a local newspaper—advertised its existence by seeding little slips of pink paper in the sf books in the rag market and the local libraries. The slips were primarily to establish the group's credentials and secure that eagerly-sought press publicity; the fact that they brought a 19-year-old Peter Weston to fandom in January 1963 was merely a spin-off benefit, although it kicked off a chain of consequences that arguably shaped the direction of British fandom in the 1960s and led ultimately to the 1979 British Worldcon.

'After six years of solitary reading it was the first indication that others like me existed. And I needed something like this. ... I knew that I'd gone about as far as I could on my own. Six years hanging around the market twice per week and I'd nearly given up hope of finding *Galaxy* numbers 5, 6, 7, 36 and 52, issues I desperately needed to complete my index of authors and story-titles.'

'Slice of Life', *Maya* 11, July 1976

This is indeed how fans are supposed to discover fandom. And it's stories like this that cause me to read print references to *Galaxy* magazine with a faint underlying Birmingham accent (while *F&SF* exudes a combination of hair, glasses and Welshness for some reason that I just can't fathom).

The Birmingham group that Peter discovered included Rog Peyton, Charlie Winstone, and Cliff Teague, whose book and magazine collection did indeed contain those missing issues of *Galaxy* as well as a copy of Damon Knight's *In Search of Wonder*, a book that every science fiction fan should still seek out and read. But they had had no contact with greater fandom and when Teague told the others of a rumoured convention in Peterborough they all ignored him. After all, Peterborough was a remote and exotic location that was about as accessible as Vladivostok or Mars. Still, Teague—fulfilling his role in the chain of consequences—hitch-hiked to the 1963 Eastercon, Bullcon, and after a weekend of freeloading returned with no tales of ten-foot-tall six-armed green Martians but a far more practical rucksack full of books including an autographed copy of Michael Moorcock's *Stormbringer*.

Indeed, were Harry Turtledove ever to write an alternate history of British science fiction fandom—which seems likely as given his current production rate he will eventually write an alternate history of absolutely everything—he might look to Cliff Teague to provide his 'point of divergence'. Because it was Teague again who hitch-hiked to London to check out one of the fan meetings at the 'Parker Penitentiary', Ella Parker's flat in Canterbury Road. Fortunately for our chain of consequences, if not for Teague, Ella had been rehoused in a nearby tower block and the old flat was boarded up and derelict.

Fandom, of course, does not make 'em like it used to; younger fans like myself, a mere 38 years old and brought up on word processors, thousands of science fiction books easily available, and dozens of conventions every year, would not know how to cope with this kind of set-back. Teague, however, came from the era when they did still make 'em like they used to. He was undeterred by this seemingly insurmountable obstacle and did what any self-respecting early '60s fan would do in the face of such a complication: he broke in. Actually no, everything I've read suggests that Teague was pretty much the *only* person who would have done this, which suggests that he was indeed the right man in

the right place at the right time, placed on this earth for a Grand Purpose by the Fannish Elder Gods (and that's a phrase which I feel should probably have more 'h's in it but I really can't bring myself to do it, not even for Peter).

Inside, Cliff Teague found *Inside*: Jon White's *Inside*, that is, and also Norm Metcalfe's *New Frontiers*, fanzines which had been mailed to Parker and which had obviously arrived after she left and never been forwarded. Instantly discerning their Cosmic Significance, Teague took them with him when he fled the flat in the early hours of the morning after being startled by a tramp. (And just think, if that tramp had arrived just a little earlier then *he* might have found those fanzines and been converted to the fannish true way. Or he might have used them for fire-lighters, but one way or another the chain of consequences would have been broken. Harry Turtledove, are you getting all this?)

When he got back to Birmingham, after spending the night in a public lavatory in Kilburn (ah, the glamour of the '60s travelling jiant fan existence), Teague showed his haul to Peter. Parenthetically here, back in 1997 I remember watching two baffled Young Conservatives—who were sharing hotel space with Attitude: The Convention—puzzling over a single-page one-shot fanzine by then fourteen-year-old Felix Cohen (about Gestetner duplicators) and a Year of the Wombat flyer. What cosmic leaps of imagination would they have had to make to extrapolate from this basic starting point to the stage where they could deduce the implied existence of Stephen Baxter, *Plokta* and Alison Freebairn? Although I've never seen either the White or Metcalfe fanzines in question, I suspect Peter had a better jumping-off place than our 1997 Young Conservatives—even hardened fans such as John Harvey were struggling with the Year of the Wombat flyer and the strap-line, 'If it had been tails it would have been badger'—but all the same it can't have been a great deal to go on. And crucially, *Inside* and *New Frontiers* were resolutely sercon fanzines: they talked about science fiction.

This may seem hardly worth pointing out, because of course all sf fanzines talk about sf, don't they? I mean, what would be the point otherwise? Yes, yes, I know that *we* all know that this isn't the case—although the myth that arises from it, that fanzine editors and writers have no interest in sf, is just that: a myth—but there have always been sf fanzines that do pretty much what a neutral outside observer would expect sf fanzines to do, and as it so happens it was a couple of these that shaped the young Peter's (excuse me while I temporarily relish the opportunity to refer to him as 'young Peter') perceptions of what a fanzine is and what it does. Well, no, there was one other influence: a copy of *Les Spinge*, produced by local BNF Ken Cheslin, but:

'... quite honestly it made little impression in itself. It was too thoroughly alien, with green paper, erratic lines of type and weird, in-group humour. Now I suspect Ken's peculiar blend of chatter and insane layout would have bewildered a far more experienced fan than I was. But it did make me realise that quite ordinary-looking people could aspire to bring out a magazine, while *Inside* and *New Frontiers* gave me a target to aim for.'

'Slice of Life', *Maya* 11, July 1976

In October 1963 Peter Weston published the first issue of his fanzine. It was called *Zenith*, a title allegedly chosen—at least in part—because the letters in the word, when written in

capitals, consist of straight lines which makes it easier to draw the heading. It was, of course, also a title that had been previously used by Harry Turner in the 1940s and '50s, although given the circumstances I guess it's kinda unsurprising that Peter didn't know that. It was a half-foolscap production, spirit-duplicated in purple ink, which included some Charlie Winstone poetry, Rog Peyton's checklist of Digit books, and Peter's rave review of Jack Vance's *Big Planet*. Nothing by Cliff Teague; but he had already played his part in the chain of consequences.

At this point I should really send you off to Greg Pickersgill's Memory Hole fanzine library to see if you can beg a copy for yourself. In fact, I'll encourage you to check out the Memory Hole on general principles, if nothing else to prove to Greg that me, Claire and Sandra Bond aren't the only people in the country who are still interested in this kind of thing (Memory Hole can be contacted at: 3 Bethany Row, Narberth Road, Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire SA61 2XG, on the web at: <http://www.gostak.demon.co.uk/> or by e-mail to: MH@gostak.demon.co.uk). However, you won't find a copy of that first issue of *Zenith*, as Greg doesn't even have one himself. The print run was a whole 25 copies, and I suspect few have survived into the twenty-first century.

So we have to look to contemporaneous critical reaction. Jim Linwood, writing in *Les Spinge* in January 1964, unknowingly inherited Cliff Teague's role in all this and continued the chain of consequence. Reviewing that first issue of *Zenith*, and Charles Platt's equally half-foolscap and purple *Point of View* which had appeared in the same week, Linwood labelled Weston and Platt 'the New Wave' but predicted that '...only *Zenith* will develop into something like a normal fanzine'. As Linwood said later, 'The item caused repercussions totally beyond its merits as a piece of criticism'. Peter declared, in a *Zenith* editorial, 'The editor's aversion to many of the average "fannish" types of article or story makes *Zenith* into a magazine that attempts to avoid fannish contents and concentrate on sf as its field.' According to Rob Hansen, writing in *Then*...

'Unknowingly, Weston was setting the course that British fandom would follow through much of the sixties. Where the fannish zines were produced by those who, though sf readers, regarded fandom as an end in and of itself, the sercon zines tended to be produced by those who regarded themselves as fans in the more general sense, who perhaps saw fandom as a sort of cheering section for the professionals and a possible gateway for becoming pros themselves. In choosing the latter road Weston ensured that things would be very different than they had been.'

'The mid-1960s: The New Wave', *Then* 3 (April 1991)

A second issue of *Zenith* appeared in December 1963 (38 duplicated quarto pages), followed by five 40-50 page issues in 1964 and a change of title in December '64 (number 7) to *Zenith-Speculation*. Another title change came with number 14 (October 1966); thereafter the fanzine went by the name of *Speculation*.

Looking at those later *Speculations*—the fanzine saw 20 issues under that title running through to issue 33, dated 1973 but distributed as a rider with *Maya* 11 in July 1976—you can see something that clearly represents this notion to which I referred earlier: what an outside observer might expect of a science fiction fanzine, namely a publication that discusses science fiction with a fan's sensibilities. Writing on the

Memory Hole e-list in 1999, Greg Pickersgill listed his ten favourite fanzines of the '60s, which included:

'*Speculation* (also *Zenith*)—24 issues, 1963-69 [*these are only the 1960s issues*]*—*edited by Peter Weston. Quite simply one of the best fanzines about science fiction ever, and one that I find bears endless re-reading. It's all just endlessly interesting... full of useful knowledge and commentary. A very British version of [Dick] Geis's magazines, without the strange professional fannishness that flourished in them, but much more orderly and readable than anything Geis ever did.'

Speculation even gets an entry in the *Encyclopedia of Science Fiction*:

'Averaging 60pp, *Speculation* was for many years consistently the UK's best amateur magazine of comment and criticism. Regular contributors included James Blish, Kenneth Bulmer, M John Harrison, Michael Moorcock and Frederik Pohl. Several fans whose writing often appeared in *Speculation* later became sf writers, Christopher Priest and Brian M Stableford among them. The final issue, #33, though printed 1973, was not distributed until 1976.'

Peter Nicholls, *Encyclopedia of Science Fiction*, 1993

It's the prevalence of these professional contributors that seems surprising to a modern reader. Looking at issue 25 for instance, dated January/February 1970, you'll see articles by many of the writers mentioned in that *SFE* piece, plus letters from James Blish, John Foyster, Bruce Gillespie, Sam Moskowitz, Ted White, Robert Coulson, Dan Morgan, Piers Anthony, Brian Aldiss and M John Harrison, and reviews by Blish, Pamela Bulmer and—in a nice piece of connectivity with this convention—Brian Stableford (actually *Briam* Stableford but what the hell, this was long before the days of WP). As noted, some writers got their first breaks within the fanzine: in addition to those mentioned by the *SFE*, it introduced *Interzone* editor David Pringle to fandom, as well as Bob Rickard—later co-editor of *Fortean Times*—who contributed articles and artwork.

Circulation was extensive—400 copies or so—which, as anybody who's ever worked a duplicator will tell you, represents some effort. It picked up Hugo nominations in 1965, 1966, 1970 and 1971, and although it never actually won Peter must instead take pride in manufacturing the awards themselves, and perhaps a certain smug satisfaction in the way that the plastic alternatives trialled one year proved to be substantially less robust than Midlands craftsmanship. The fanzine did earn him a Nova award, the first, in 1973.

Looking back on *Speculation* in Rob Jackson's *Maya*, Peter wrote:

'[It] long ago cast me as an editor rather than as a writer, and I sometimes wonder if things might have been different if I'd never started that fanzine. Writing has never been easy or natural for me; I've had to work at it, and editing is too easy, too much of a cop-out. It doesn't force one to develop any real facility with words, and so although I entered fanzine fandom in 1963 it wasn't until quite recently that I started to do very much more than re-type other people's words for public consumption.'

'Slice of Life', *Maya* 9, November 1975

So, once again, we're looking back to what might have been; back to the Erdington SF Circle again, those pink slips

of paper, and Cliff Teague's breaking and entering; to the alternate history of British fandom where *Speculation* never came into being. What would have been the consequences of a British fandom without *Speculation*? Well—and here's our chain of consequences again—it was within the pages of *Speculation* that the idea of a British Worldcon bid 'sometime during the 1970s' was floated (Editorial, number 27, September 1970). Malcolm Edwards was later to take up and run with the idea in *Magic Pudding* (November 1973), which is ironic given that, for all that *this* Malcolm Edwards is a real person, the name had previously been used as a pseudonym by Peter for fanzine reviews in the BSFA's *Vector*.

And of course, Britain did get its Worldcon, just about squeezed in within the projected timescale and with Peter as chairman; over 3,000 people attended, making it by far the largest convention held in the UK up to that point. But before that there was the guest of honourship at the 1974 Eastercon; the TAFF trip to Discon the same year (a report, 'A Stranger in a Very Strange Land', appeared in *Science Fiction Monthly* volume 2, number 6); and the Doc Weir Award in 1975. And he's still going strong, all set to be a guest of honour at the Worldcon in Boston in 2004, sharing a platform with Terry Pratchett, Jack Speer, and William Tenn.

It is a long road from Erdington to St Helier; from 1963 to 2002. But what's it all about, really; all those stages on the road from pink slips in Birmingham to fannish celebrity in Jersey? Well:

'I feel that fandom has achieved amazingly much for a small scattered group of people with no commercial backing. A lot of people in this country complain about fandom; they ought to stop and look for any other amateur group that has done more, for its size, so far as good writing, intelligent discussion and thoughtful interest in its subject matter is concerned. I'm rather proud to be involved with fandom.'

Editorial, *Speculation* 25, January/February 1970*

—Mark Plummer

Acknowledgements and Sources

The earliest events in this story took place a year before I was born, so you'll be unsurprised to hear that I've drawn on a number of printed sources. Rob Hansen's *Then...* is a four-volume history of British fandom from the earliest days to the end of the '70s. Fascinating stuff, and the volumes on the '60s and '70s were particularly valuable here. *Then...* is available on-line in a few places. Try:

<http://www.dcs.gla.ac.uk/SF-Archives/Then/Index.html>

Peter's column 'Slice of Life' appeared in Rob Jackson's *Maya* in the '70s and this also contains much useful material. And *Maya*'s a damn good fanzine anyway. Try Memory Hole, for which see details above.

Peter Weston: His Part in My Downfall by Steve Green

If ever Billy Graham feels like a refresher course in evangelising for his chosen faith, he needn't look any further than Peter R Weston, the fannish Svengali your committee has chosen to honour this weekend. Or at least, I assume it was their choice.

For four decades, Peter has cajoled, enticed, tricked and even gently blackmailed otherwise totally innocent British

youngsters into the sinister ranks of science fiction fandom. Instead of spending their spare time productively kicking footballs between passing traffic or decorating telephone boxes with spraypaint, his victims have run conventions, published fanzines and—perhaps most shocking—even read this most insidious of literary forms.

Worst of all, he refuses to apologise for any of it.

Although in retrospect I must have crossed Peter's path at least six months earlier, my first clear recollection of this latter-day Pied Piper is his triumphal return from the Miami Worldcon in 1977, having led the British bid for the 1979 shindig. By the time his slide show presentation to the Birmingham SF Group was complete, I was merely one of dozens present now mesmerised by the thought of hosting such a major event—so much so, in fact, that I became acquainted with a fellow member on the way to the nearest railway station and agreed to share a room at Brighton scarcely ten minutes into our journey home.

Peter's hand in all of this was then invisible to me. After all, I was a member of Britain's largest sf group (which I afterwards discovered he'd co-founded in the 1960s and then helped relaunch in 1971), planned to attend the seventh Novacon (in many ways the successor to the local 'science fiction conferences' Peter ran in 1970–72) and was already co-editing the new Brum Group's first—and only—fanzine (a project I later gather he'd been urging the committee to support for some time).

Nor was I aware at this point that Peter had published early works by many of my favourite authors and critics (James Blish, Bob Shaw and Chris Priest, to name but three), both in his justifiably famous fanzine *Speculation* (1963–73) and the three-volume spin-off paperback anthology (1976–78). The final issue of *Speculation* lay unposted for two years, but I guess winning the TransAtlantic Fan Fund in 1974 distracted him for a moment from the Great Scheme.

By 1982, Peter was back to his old tricks, running for chair of the Brum Group on what was nothing less than a 'fandom' ticket. That hurdle bounded, he helped launch a local amateur press association (still running, although now independent of the group), organised BSFG-funded room parties at major conventions and generally tried to coerce its membership towards the alleged One True Way.

Although most members eventually drifted back into the comforting viewpoint that sf is just a goddamn hobby, the fact that the group still gathers each month owes much to Peter's messianic zeal and relentless proselytising (let us not forget: this is the man who read *The Enchanted Duplicator* by Willis and Shaw and then abused his position as owner of an engineering firm to build his very own Shield of Umor).

I still shudder at the memories: Peter turning up unexpectedly at the pub near my office, forcing alcohol upon this lifetime teetotaler and demanding a cover illo for his latest apazine; loaning out his bound copy of the ancient grimoire *Hyphen* to unsuspecting acolytes; resurrecting the depraved ritual of Hum & Sway; the horror, the horror...

Nor is the twenty-first century safe from his machinations. Many of us now suspect his growing involvement with the discussion group Memory Hole is but a smokescreen behind which to spread his cult following across the internet, culminating in a global computer virus which only allows PCs

to produce material for fanzines. Worse, Peter is even rumoured to be using this very convention as a springboard for

[No further data could be retrieved from the scorched hard drive recovered from the author's laptop; his own whereabouts remain unconfirmed.]*

—Steve Green

Peter Weston – Select Bibliography/Fanzineography

Compiled with substantial assistance from Roger Robinson and additional information from the web site at:
<http://www.gostak.demon.co.uk/>

1) Anthologies

Andromeda 1 (1976); *Andromeda 2* (1977); *Andromeda 3* (1978)

2) Fanzines

Nexus

six issues, June 1964–October 1966, variously distributed with *PADS* (the BSFA's Printing And Distribution System) and *OMPA* (Off-trail Magazine Publishing Association)

Prolapse

two issues, June 1983 to August 1983

Zenith/Speculation

as *Zenith*: six issues, October 1963–September 1964

as *Zenith-Speculation*: seven issues, December 1964–July 1966

as *Speculation*: twenty issues, October 1966–1973 (last issue, number 33, actually distributed in 1976)

CONTEXXT - THE 2002 UNICON

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The committee is Bridget and Simon Bradshaw, Tony Keen, Nigel and Sabine Furlong, Del Cotter, and Doug Bell. Our membership rates are £25 for the full weekend (£30 from 7 April 2002), £15 concessionary rate (including students). Make your cheques payable to "ConteXXt", and we look forward to seeing you there!

Contact: Nigel & Sabine Furlong, 17 Cow Lane, Didcot, Oxon OX11 7SZ
www.unicon.org.uk contexxt@unicon.org.uk

2001: A Science Fiction Year?

2001 was always going to be a science-fictional year, the third in a string of resonant dates after which 2002—for all its palindromic potential—seems strangely mundane. Obviously we didn't find ourselves in Clarke and Kubrick's world, but did 2001 live up to its genre promise? We asked a number of science fiction professionals and fans to talk about their 'favourite science fictional things' of 2001...

One Minute Past Eight: A performer's view: I don't normally volunteer to dress up in strange clothing and make a fool of myself on the stage at conventions (although I was part of the cast of *Spock in Manacles*, many years ago!) But David Wake is a friend, and in the same writer's group as me, so I was curious to find out more about his plays. Besides, if I was to spend a weekend in a hotel in Hinckley without doing serious damage to my liver, I needed a project. So it was that I became the moon in David's production of *20:01 One Minute Past Eight*—a spoof on 2001 and its sequel 2010.

My first job was to make my costume. Or, rather, construct a structure out of gaffer tape and flexible plastic piping to make me spherical enough to wear the pre-painted sheet designated for the moon. After that there was a lot of hanging around waiting for the point when the rotating objects (sun, planets, space station) would be called upon to rehearse their parts—which involved, well, rotating around each other. In the meantime, I became quite familiar with the opening scenes of the play, which featured the wide range of influences and jokes that you would expect a fannish audience to enjoy (from Reggie Perrin to a name check for *Banana Wings*).

On the night of the performance itself, there was a certain amount of frantic panic. The room was not available early enough for set-up; the dancing monoliths still hadn't worked out their dance; the dolphins weren't audible enough; I realised that I didn't know how to waltz and spent ages waiting in the wings trying to train my feet to do something more elegant than shuffle as we prepared to rotate round the stage.

Then we were on. The music seemed to last aeons longer than expected as we all reached our finally rotated position too early, but the play was underway! *

—Christina Lake

And from the audience: For me the sign of a potentially good programme item is one that makes me want to break my normal convention pattern of oscillating between the fanroom and the bar. David Wake's *20:01* was, I think, the only event at Paragon that broke into my fragile world of fanzines, beer, and gossip. I was aware that Dave had been planning this for a long time and I was anxious to find out just how he'd approach staging one of sf's finest movies. At over 30 years old it is still a remarkably accomplished and ambitious film.

As the event started, man evolved before our eyes, planets whizzed past with graceful elegance, and many, many fans made an appearance, some just for the sake of a one-liner or a quick sight gag. As the stage adaptation reached the climax of 2001, carefully crafted multimedia took centre stage—Dave using the hotel corridor and bar to meet himself. Scary, I was in there just an hour ago for a pint. Was he making some sort

of post-modern statement about the evolution of sf fans? No, just paying homage to a great film in the funniest manner possible.

Frankly it made more sense than the original and was a damned sight funnier. Can't wait till the DVD version comes out with all those extra features. *

—Doug Bell

It would be too easy to talk about the books. And other people will be doing that already, both here and in the 2001 reviewers' poll in the British Science Fiction Association's *Vector*. But the BSFA itself contributed something significant to 2001 by publishing *Omegatropic*, a new collection of essays and short fiction by its Vice-President Steve Baxter (already immortalised during Easter 2001 not only by his Guest of Honour status at Paragon but by the formation of the Stephen R Baxter Appreciation Society—Hail Sheena!). The BSFA's first hardcover book, it features an excellent cover by Colin Odell which I think deserves a credit of its own.

Other 2001 artwork which stands out came from British fanzines: Don West, lured to the Eastercon by visiting US TAFF delegate Victor Gonzalez, subsequently increased his fan art contributions after having encountered a whole new generation of fans to satirise; even more modern and up-to-date was Alison Scott, demonstrating how all that superfluous technology can be used to produce photo-based fan art; and the ubiquitous Dave Hicks—who provided the pictures of the guests for this con book and is also an impressive fanwriter and editor—finally won the fan artist Nova in 2001, not least for combining well-observed and topical humour with excellent technical ability.

Alison Freebairn scored a second fan writer Nova to add to her award from 1996, this time in a very tightly-fought contest with Yvonne Rowse (who already has her own Nova Award collection from 1999 and 2000). Alison's article 'Mimeomento' was one of the best individual pieces I read in 2001; its brilliance lay in using cinematic techniques (and making some very neat parallels with the excellent film *Memento*—which unfortunately I saw in 2000 so can't claim as a relevant favourite here) to tell a thoroughly fannish story. *Head!*, edited by Doug Bell & Christina Lake, was a very popular winner of the fanzine Nova Award for 2001, and is a fanzine which is developing both style and substance: a genuine genzine, with an attitude I like a lot.

Which provides another segue—a word which always makes me think of Caroline Mullan—to a TV programme which also has an attitude I like a lot, and which in turn is inextricably linked to Tony Keen. It isn't strictly science-fictional (I have a fairly narrow definition of this) but it clearly is good enough to have distracted me both from reading as much sf—or anything else—as I would usually have liked and writing for fanzines in the way I really meant to. Yes, 2001 is the year Mark and I finally started watching *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*. And *Angel*. 144 episodes in six months. That's not too many.

As I said, other people have enthused about the books, and some of the best novels either published or shortlisted for the BSFA and Arthur C Clarke Awards in 2001 are therefore mentioned elsewhere in this section. After you finish reading this con book and indulging in all the fannish activity associated with an Eastercon, why not go and read some science fiction? *

—Claire Briailey

If only this had been a few years earlier, I could have rabbitied on about the wonders of modern medicine. As it is, the skiffy moment for me has to be Tuesday 11 September and its aftershocks. The first I heard of it was when one of my colleagues came back from tea-break saying that someone had nuked New York. Ah, those innocent days, when you could automatically disbelieve such a tale! 'Check this out on CNN.com,' I thought.

I know our network is not always the fastest, but when it took ten minutes to tell me to go away and come back later, I did realise that something was not quite right. Hearing the reports on the radio going home, I started to think of all the people I knew who lived in New York and how many work in the area, if not actually in the World Trade Center. By the time I got home, I had remembered the number of fans who were still over on that side, doing some sightseeing after the recent Worldcon in Philadelphia. I was starting to let panic get the better of me. As you do.

The most important reassurances were in my email when I got home. This was great. It meant I had only a couple of hours to get worked up with not knowing what was happening! Later that evening and over the next few days, Usenet was invaluable. More and more people checked in, with their own 'voices'. There were some truly stunning eye-witness accounts posted in real time. If you get a chance to google, look for rec.arts.sf.fandom and 'Michael Weholt'. It gave me the bits that tend to be missed by the news reports—how ordinary people that I might know are coping. Nothing had been put together for the Press. For me, this made the world a whole lot smaller. It's not the way I would see this happen in an ideal world, but there you go.*

—KIM Campbell

This may well be a slightly tangential way of answering the question, but there were several events last year which focussed attention back onto one thing: the resurgence of the importance of British writing. The BSFA and Clarke awards called attention to two particular books, after the tensions surrounding the shortlists. Although I was unable to go to the SF Foundation event in Liverpool that celebrated British science fiction, I heard many excellent things about it from those who did, marking it as another highpoint.

We all know that British genre writing has not really gone away. You only have to witness the annual excitement about books from Peter Hamilton and Stephen Baxter. However, there seems to have been a sustained excitement about home-grown authors, either newer ones such as China Miéville, Alistair Reynolds, Justina Robson or Miller Lau (to name but a few) or already established authors—including Robert Holdstock, Mary Gentle, Ian McDonald, Ken MacLeod or Gwyneth Jones. There is a rediscovered confidence with which we can explore new worlds and space or imagine alternate futures and pasts. Moreover, there is a sense of stylistic adventure, that paths need not be followed slavishly, that sf can be crossed with fantasy (and *vice versa*) and that genre can be mixed with mainstream writing without having to be justified under a mainstream moniker.

I believe that this current wave of writing cannot be maintained without a fandom to support it through both reading and talking about it. Gradually the reticence to shout

about British writing is being lost and I hope that this will be used to encourage more folks to write about British writing as well as the waves of US media. Let's continue to celebrate the new British scene.*

—Iain Emsley

Okay, let's see... It's quite hard to come up with just one thing for 2001 because it was such a rich year. China M winning the Clarke with *Perdido*, a book that will last for years. Mary G taking the BSFA. A whole slew of good books across a number of different publishers.

I can, however, knock the list down to two defining moments if I must, both of which still leave a deep impression and confirm that British sf is in rude health and likely to continue that way.

While guesting at the 2001 Microcon in Exeter I heard Gwyneth Jones read aloud the opening pages of what was to become *Bold as Love*. The reading was good and the chapter Gwyneth read was damn near perfect: magical, mysterious, sad and slightly dangerous, not really of this world and yet still part of it. An object lesson in how to say things with the silences between words.

The second moment came at June's excellent conference in Liverpool (which gathered authors, critics, and academics from the UK and US), when one American editor turned to another and admitted he'd been so busy keeping his eye on fiction in Australia that he'd failed to spot that the sfnal renaissance for which he was looking had actually begun in the UK. Immediate discussion then broke out as to what might have caused this, with no firm conclusions being reached but—along with the truism about right being the default political position for US sf and left for sf in the UK—came a suggestion that most of the British authors now writing are survivors of the Thatcher decade. And so the fractured worlds we all create are a form of mourning for what is left of society.

(Well, I liked it.)*

—Jon Courtenay Grimwood

Several UK writers produced novels of stimulating sf. Jon Courtenay Grimwood's first instalment of the 'Arabesk', *Pashazade*, twitched with the energy of its prose and brought to mind the trio of 'Budayeen' novels penned by George Effinger which I enjoyed through the late '80s. JCG, although once accused by me of writing weird shit, has vigorously pioneered a sub-genre more appropriately called future *noir* and with each new novel finds a stronger voice. Always a pleasure, Jon.

If this future *noir* stuff is to your taste then a book just out by Richard Morgan, *Altered Carbon*, should also hit the spot. I know it wasn't published last year but it's one of the books I read, enjoyed, and would recommend.

Of course, any discussion of stimulating British sf would be incomplete without a nod towards the latest fiction of Ken MacLeod. With dope-smoking Saur and void-piloting Kraken, set against a cosmic mystery and swirled in a heady brew of MacLeod's political cocktail, *Dark Light* is a novel no lover of smart space opera can ignore. That can also be said of Alastair Reynolds, who with *Chasm City*—only his second novel—already has the pace and grand vision to more than hold his own with the big boys of space opera.

No mention of things fantastic from last year can pass without a sigh of relief that *The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring* was as good as I had hoped it would be. Peter Jackson, with Richard Taylor and Tania Rodgers of the Weta Workshop, delivered three hours of brilliant, faithful interpretations of the paintings of Alan Lee and John Howe. The lovely look of the movie notwithstanding, the script reflected a love of the novel that remained even after some radical but necessary revisions to keep the pace of the story up for the few folk who haven't yet read the bloody thing. I rarely see anything but totally disastrous attempts to film great works of sf or fantasy and to achieve what they have with the grand-daddy of all fantasy novels is quite marvellous. But then, you'd have to say that about any film that kept an audience on their backsides for three hours with no complaint.

And finally, it was nice to see a bit of effort put back into the *Star Trek* franchise. The early episodes of the new series look like they've finally realised there was more to be ripped off from *Babylon 5* than just setting the story on a space station. It's darker and less wholesome than the replicated goo that the franchise had become. I never trusted the Vulcans either—all that repressed sexual energy just can't be a good thing...

I now look forward to lots of equally wonderful stuff this year. *

—Dick Jude

Funnily enough, the science fiction highlight for me last year was running Eastercon.

Paragon, in Hinckley, was a lot of hard work but also a lot of fun. However, I think what impressed me most was my committee. I had worked with David Cooper and, of course, Steve Lawson on other conventions, and knew that I could rely on them and what to expect. But for John Dowd and Nigel and Sabine Furlong it was their first time on an Eastercon committee. The sheer amount of work they all put in was amazing.

Originally someone else was in charge of programme, but unfortunately had to drop out early on. This left Sabine on her own. For someone who's never been on a committee before, let alone being responsible for an Eastercon programme, this was a daunting task, but she coped admirably and produced a great programme. Nigel seemed to be in his element. He put a lot of time and effort into planning and this showed when Ops ran silently, with any problems being dealt with almost before they happened. He had put good people together, who all worked well as a team.

John did not let the side down either, producing publications that were both fun and informative, including the newsletter. If you have never been to the newsletter room at a convention, give it a go. That room seemed to be a lot of fun.

Greg Pickersgill and Catherine McAulay, together with Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer, put a lot of time and hard work into an excellent fan programme. It may not have been as busy as they would have liked; however, whenever I dropped in there were quite a few people there. For those that did attend, they had a great time and appreciated the contribution made by all. I hope it won't be too long before we see Greg and Catherine at another convention.

With the other guests—Stephen Baxter, Lianne Norman, and Mike Scott Rohan—all giving 110 per cent, the convention worked, and I would unashamedly like to use this

space to thank everybody for all they did to make it a success. I would also like to thank everyone who took the time to tell us they enjoyed it. *

—Alice Lawson

Recipe for *Josie and the Pussycats* (2001)

Ingredients:

- One part Russ Meyer's *Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls*
- One part John Carpenter's *They Live*
- One part Christmas panto

Method:

- Blend all the ingredients together until frothy and light.
- Reduce the heat to PG level.
- Sprinkle generously with post-post-modern irony and arrange on a bed of teen dramas.

Serves one post-nuclear family.

Please don't cry girls, we know this must be a terrible, terrible shock but top boy-band Dujour have disappeared, presumed dead, in a plane crash. All is not lost, however, because their anthology CD collection comes out tomorrow and their manager Wyatt Frame is already on the look-out for the next big thing on behalf of Megarecords' head Fiona. Meanwhile aspiring popstars The Pussycats are receiving a less than enthusiastic response to their impromptu concerts and busking. But as luck would have it, they bump into Wyatt who, desperate for anything resembling a band, signs them up for mega-stardom—launching them as Josie and the Pussycats. Are Wyatt and Fiona's plans for the girls more sinister than just huge record sales? With a global broadcast of their first stadium concert looming and saturation marketing of 3D-sound pussycat ears to indoctrinate the nation into consumer overload, what chance is there of a happy outcome for the three plucky popsters?

Introducing Josie on guitar and vocals, Valerie on bass guitar, and Melody taking the drums. They are The Pussycats, stars of the anodyne comic strip and lacklustre cartoon series, given the big screen treatment. The very thought, it must be said, does not inspire confidence. But hold on a mo, for Josie and the Pussycats puts on a fresh lick of post-modern paint and emerges as quite the bubbliest sf comedy of 2001: it may not be big, it may not be clever, but it is a whole lotta fun. Key to this is the band itself; The Pussycats are friends first and, crucially, they play really good music. Then there is the ever-dependable Alan Cummings as sneaky Wyatt Frame proving definitively (along with 2001's fantastic *Spy Kids*) that he is the finest actor working in big-screen pantomime.

There is an abundance of 'ironic' product placement on show, but in this case it is entirely in keeping with the film's emphasis on marketing trends and products by subliminal advertising. It's the pacifying of the consumer through media manipulation as so memorably portrayed in John Carpenter's *They Live*. Evil cackling laughs, diabolical plans, bizarre futuristic machines, retro costuming and some well-designed editing make this the finest girl-band picture since *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. It ain't art, but it is sf, and highly recommended. *

—Mitch Le Blanc and Colin Odell

My 'personal favourite science fictional thing of 2001' was the publication by NESFA Press in hardcover form of *From*

These Ashes: The Complete Short SF of Fredric Brown. Edited by Ben Yalow, and with dust jacket design—featuring a cover painting from Bob Eggleton—and much other assistance by Geri Sullivan, this thick volume (nearly 700 pages!) presents Brown's short form *oeuvre* in the order in which it was published, from 1941 to 1965.

Brown has long been one of my all-time favourite sf authors. I was first exposed to his writing in late 1956 when I stumbled across the original Bantam paperback edition of his hilarious novel, *Martians Go Home*. I'd been reading sf for three or four years by then, mostly the Heinlein and other juveniles borrowed from the local library, and Brown's yarn—in which irreverent, intrusive Martians told all comers to 'Fuck you, Jack'—appealed greatly to me. It wasn't long before I found a copy of what became my favourite of his novels, *What Mad Universe*, and then his short fiction collected in *Angels & Spaceships*, *Honeymoon in Hell* and, as the years passed, various Best Of volumes.

In more recent years, I've also become enamoured with his mystery writing and have collected all but three volumes of his entire published work. But still I come back to his short stories and am so happy to have them all in one place.

(Happily, NESFA also plans to collect all five of Brown's sf novels—the two mentioned above plus *The Lights in the Sky Are Stars*, *Rogue in Space* and *The Mind Thing*—into a second omnibus volume sometime in the near future. You can check out their progress, and/or order *From These Ashes*, by going to their website, <http://www.nesfa.org>. Brown died in 1972, and it's definitely to NESFA's credit that they're taking these steps to keep his work in print.)

On the fannish front, the chief accomplishments of the year for me have to be the 50th anniversary issue of Lee Hoffman's *Science-Fiction Five Yearly*, also shepherded into existence by Geri Sullivan (and others), and fifteen issues of John Foyster's electronic fanzine, *eFNAC*. Though one is traditional in format and reproduction and the other is cutting-edge, both embody a strong sense of fannishness.*

—Robert Lichtman

Maybe it was the symbolism of the year, or maybe it was just coincidence, but 2001 was a stand-out year for British science fiction.

Some of the books, of course, date from 2000, but 2001 was the year in which they reaped the awards. The most notable works were China Miéville's *Perdido Street Station* and Mary Gentle's *Ash*, each of which took one major prize. But many other excellent books were published as well, both in 2000 and 2001. There is an air of excitement in British sf that I cannot remember since the '70s, and a list of excellent writers so long that I do not have room to mention them all.

For me, however, the most memorable event of the year was not a book, but a convention. '2001: A Celebration of British SF', organised in Liverpool by the Science Fiction Foundation, was about as close to my ideal con as I am likely to get. Much as I love Worldcon as a spectacle and for its ability to bring together the disparate tribes of fandom, I am at heart a fan of books. 2001 brought together the cream of British writers, some top-notch academics and critics, and a small group of fans whose interests are similar to mine. I got to meet some wonderful people, I learned a lot, and the conversation in the bar tended to be about books rather than the usual 'fandom/cons/sf isn't what it used to be'.

Part of the success of the con came, of course, from that very same sense of excitement that I mentioned earlier. Indeed, one session involving M John Harrison, John Clute and Paul McAuley got onto the topic of the whys and wherefores of this sudden British renaissance and proved so popular that an extra session on that topic was hurriedly scheduled for the next day. I'm not sure that we came to any specific conclusions, but we all came away from the convention with a heightened sense that something wonderful was happening and that we should tell the world.

So thank you, then, to Farah Mendlesohn, Andy Sawyer, Edward James, Andy Butler, and all the other organisers. Thank you too to all those people who made the convention so enjoyable for me. Now that I am resident in the US, I will find it harder to come back to the UK for conventions, but (once all my time is no longer taken up with a Worldcon) I know that there will be events well worth coming back for.*

—Cheryl Morgan

Interesting event of 2001?

For me it was meeting a number of Chinese sf writers at a remarkably interesting conference in Hong Kong. It was also meeting a large number of European sf writers at the Utopiales sf festival in Nantes. So it was, quite clearly, The Year of International SF.

But it was also the year the British sf renaissance was identified.

This was the year that a stunning new writer, China Miéville, won the Clarke award and a stunning more established writer, Mary Gentle, made a triumphant return to form and won the BSFA award. (Technically the books were published the previous year, so was this really an event of 2001? Let's fight about this later.)

But it was also the year of the 'celebration of British sf' organised by the Science Fiction Foundation in Liverpool. After months of worrying about a snappy conference title, we gave up and just let it go under the description.

Is there a British sf renaissance, a Brit-boom? Now that the conference is over I'd like to come clean and say that I don't think so, but I can't think of a time when British sf was in a healthier state.

There's 'healthy' and 'healthy', of course. It's interesting that sf films attract huge audiences and vast budgets, but you rarely—if ever—see sf books in the best-seller charts. For some reason, I'm not privy to the financial accounts of our sf writers (it may be that they're afraid of me whipping out a collection tin marked 'Science Fiction Foundation, please give generously', or it could be that it's none of my damn business). Still, I'd be very surprised if the number of sf writers making anything like a comfortable living from their sf could be counted on the fingers of one hand without leaving a spare or two. And, shockingly, some of our very best writers are at the time of writing without book publication in their own country. The renaissance, if there is one, is about the quality and quantity of writers and books, rather than a large new audience.

I think that there is a set of Special Circumstances which have resulted in an invigorating mix of versions of sf in Britain and the US; for various reasons—some contingent, some cultural—these circumstances are more noticeable in Britain. It may not be a Wave, or a Movement, perhaps not even a Boom, and it's something that has built up over the

years so it may even be cheating to link it to the year 2001. Still, it's clear that we have a situation where:

- The most famous living sf writer is British (and haven't we all enjoyed those jokes about where the monolith is during the past year? In fact, where was the moon landing?)
- At least two living British sf writers (Brian Aldiss and Iain Banks) are known to the Literary Establishment. It may be embarrassing, but there you go. It's difficult to condemn sf as illiterate when people who can speak to cultural pundits actually write the stuff. You should, for that matter, see people squirm when reminded that Doris Lessing writes sf.
- A lot of work has been done over the past few years in bringing the sf backlist into publication. Orion's 'SF Masterworks' series and, more recently, Voyager's 'SF Classics' have brought back many of the important books of the field. New writers, especially those encouraged by *Interzone*, have not only broken through, but have become the SF establishment. Stephen Baxter is no longer the 'next Clarke'; he's the first Stephen Baxter.

All this and more—I like to think someone has noticed over 20 critical books about sf published by Liverpool University Press—has resulted in a veritable flurry of good new writers. From the snapshot of 2001 it all looked pretty good. But 'renaissance' means 're-birth'. Let's hope that if it was a renaissance, it zooms quickly to adulthood, and gets noticed by a large public!*

—Andy Sawyer

2001, despite the resonances of the name, wasn't a big year science fiction-wise for me. I was too busy buying a house and being on the committee of Octocon to notice much going on in the publishing and movie worlds. I didn't even have time to get to see *2001: A Space Odyssey* in 70mm at the Irish Film Centre.

However, if I achieved anything this year, it was to contribute to the launch of a new writer: David Levine. Levine, a long time American fan, has recently turned his hand to writing fiction and submitted an entry to the second James White Award short story competition. I didn't organise the competition—that was James Bacon's doing. I didn't judge it—that was the job of others more qualified than I. But I did try to promote it and I like to think that my press releases did some good.

Because of my involvement, I was given a copy of the winning story to read after the judges had made their final decision but before its publication in *Interzone*. (If you're interested, it was published in the December issue). 'Nucleon' kind of falls into the 'magic shop' sub-genre of sf/fantasy. However, this story subtly turns the format on its head. To say any more would only spoil it for those who haven't read it yet.

Elsewhere, 2001 was the year I discovered Alastair Reynolds and China Miéville and finally found out what everyone else was talking about. I bought *Revelation Space* from Rog Peyton (what am I going to do without Andromeda?) during 2000 but didn't get round to reading it until early 2001. It was, no pun intended, a revelation: an exciting space opera-type story that kept me turning the pages. I ordered *Chasm City* as soon as it was available and I wasn't disappointed. Reynolds's second novel was, in my view, even better than his first and confirmed him as a 'writer to watch'. I don't think I've been this excited about a new writer since I

read *Consider Phlebas*. The same goes for Miéville. I had seen *Perdido Street Station* when it first came out in hardcover, but for some reason I was put off buying it. However, with all of the good reviews it was getting I finally persuaded myself to buy a copy. On the face of it Reynolds and Miéville are two completely different writers; Reynolds's stories span the vastness of space while Miéville sets *Perdido Street Station* within the confines of a single city. Both, however, tell interesting tales that keep the reader wanting more. (China Miéville will be Guest of Honour at this year's Octocon, the Irish National SF Convention.)*

—David Stewart

2001: RIP

Ray Watson (1 January)
 Eileen Costelloe (21 January)
 Rick Shelley (27 January)
 Gordon Dickson (31 January)
 Ernest Sterne (2 February)
 Gerald Suster (4 February)
 Richard Laymon (14 February)
 Jenna Felice (10 March)
 R(onald) Chetwynd-Hayes (20 March)
 Daniel Counihan (25 March)
 Judy Watson (14 April)
 Pierre Versin (19 April)
 Morton Klass (28 April)
 Michael Webster Peplow (10 May)
 Douglas Adams (11 May)
 Simon Raven (12 May)
 Alan Dodd (5 June)
 David Potter (10 June)
 Tove Jansson (27 June)
 Mordecai Richler (3 July)
 Fred Marcellino (12 July)
 Jack Harness (13 July)
 Poul Anderson (31 July)
 Oscar Schwighofer (7 August)
 Boyd Raeburn (13 August)
 Sir Fred Hoyle (20 August)
 Anne Spencer (5 September)
 Douglas J Stone (11 September)
 Meade Frierson III (24 September)
 John Cunningham Lilly (30 September)
 Josh Kirby (23 October)
 Milton Rothman (6 October)
 Warren Varnom (5 November)
 Terry Hughes (14 November)
 Dan deCarlo (18 December)
 Keith Alan Daniels (18 December)
 Nigel Hawthorne (25 December)
 Sid Birchby (29 December)

2001: UK Conventions

- 2-4 February: **Conthirteena** (13th UK Filk convention)
 9-11 February: **Star Fleet Ball** (*Star Trek*)
 10 February: **Picocon 18**
 GOHs: Juliet McKenna, Chris Priest, Geoff Ryman
 10 February: **Watt Con**
 GOH: Craig Charles
 23-5 February: **Redemption** (*Blake's 7/Babylon 5*)
 3-4 March: **Microcon**
 GOH: Jon Courtenay Grimwood
 9-11 March: **Mecon Delta**
 GOH: Michael Sheard
 23-24 March: **Portmeiricon** (*The Prisoner*)
 13-16 April: **Paragon** (Eastercon)
 GOHs: Stephen Baxter, Claire Brialey, Lisanne Norman, Mark Plummer, Michael Scott Rohan
 22 April: **Jedicon** (*Star Wars*)
 6 May: **Fantasy Fair 11**
 25-27 May: **Second**
 GOH: Paul J McAuley
 25-27 May: **Eclectic 21** (multimedia)
 28 June - 1 July: **A Celebration of British SF**
 GOHs: Brian Aldiss, Stephen Baxter, John Clute, Nicola Griffith, Gwyneth Jones, Ken MacLeod
 6-8 July: **Nexus 2001** (media)
 14/15 July: **RococoCon** (games)
 GOH: Robin D Laws
 21 July: **Constantinople**
 18-19 August: **Caption 2001** (small-press, comics)
 24-6 August: **Eboracon** (Unicon) combined with **HarmUni** (filk)
 GOHs: Diane Duane, Anne Gay, Douglas Hill, Peter Morwood, Stan Nicholls (Unicon); Katy Dröge, Juliane Hönisch (filk)
 14-16 September: **Cavalcade** (costuming)
 23 September: **British Fantasy Society 30th Birthday Bash**
 29 September: **Dreddcon 2** (*2000AD*)
 5-7 October: **Supernova-Retribution** (*Star Trek*)
 5-7 October: **Animecon UK**
 GOHs: Gilles Poitras, Helen McCarthy
 9-11 November: **Novacon 31**
 GOH: Gwyneth Jones
 9-11 November: **Armadacon**
 GOH: Tom Holt
 7-9 December: **Smofcon 19**

Notable non-UK Conventions

- 30 August - 3 September: **The Millennium Philcon** (**Worldcon**)
 GOHs: Greg Bear, Gardner Dozois, George Scithers, Stephen Youll
 13-14 October: **Octocon** (**Irish National Convention**)
 GOH: Anne McCaffrey
 1-4 November: **World Fantasy Convention**
 GOH: Fred Saberhagen

Awards for work in 2001

FAAn Awards (announced at Corflu 19, February 2002):
 Fanzine: *Wabe*, edited by Jae Leslie Adams, Tracy Benton & Bill Bodden
 Fan Writer: Alison Freebairn
 Fan Artist: Dave Hicks
 Letterhack: Lloyd Penney
 New Fan: Max
 Eve & John Harvey were elected as the Past Presidents of FWA for 2001 by acclamation.

BSFA Awards—2002 shortlists**Best Novel of 2001: shortlist**

American Gods by Neil Gaiman (Feature)
Pashazade by Jon Courtenay Grimwood (Earthlight)
Bold as Love by Gwyneth Jones (Gollancz)
The Secret of Life by Paul McAuley (Voyager)
Chasm City by Alastair Reynolds (Gollancz)
Lust by Geoff Ryman (Flamingo)

Best Short Story of 2001: shortlist

'Under the Saffron Tree' by Cherith Baldry (*Interzone* 166)
 'First to the Moon' by Stephen Baxter & Simon Bradshaw (*Spectrum SF* 6, July 2001)
 'The Children of Winter' by Eric Brown (*Interzone* 163)
 'Myxomatosis' by Simon Ings (*Interzone* 165)
 'Wind Angels' by Leigh Kennedy (*Interzone* 171)
 'Isabel of the Fall' by Ian R McLeod (*Interzone* 169)

Best Non-Fiction of 2001: shortlist

Omegatropic by Stephen Baxter (BSFA)
Terry Pratchett by Andrew M Butler (Pocket Essentials)
Tim Burton by Michelle Le Blanc & Colin Odell (Pocket Essentials)
 'Storming the Bastille' by Justina Robson (*The Alien Online*)
 'The Best Introduction to the Mountains' by Gene Wolfe (*Interzone* 174)

Best Artwork of 2001: shortlist

Cover of *Pashazade* (Jon Courtenay Grimwood) by The Whole Hog
 'Roach Hotel' by Dominic Harman (cover of *Interzone* 166)
 Cover of *Omegatropic* (Stephen Baxter) by Colin Odell
 Cover of *Gridlinked* (Neal Asher) by Steve Rawlings
Heart of Empire, the CD-Rom by Bryan Talbot

The winner is selected by members of the BSFA and/or the Eastercon. The winners will be announced at Helicon 2.

Arthur C Clarke Award for the best science fiction novel of 2001— shortlist

Pashazade by Jon Courtenay Grimwood (Earthlight)
Fallen Dragon by Peter F Hamilton (Macmillan)
Bold as Love by Gwyneth Jones (Gollancz)
The Secret of Life by Paul McAuley (Voyager)
Mappa Mundi by Justina Robson (Macmillan)
Passage by Connie Willis (Voyager)

The winner will be announced in a ceremony at the Science Museum, London, on Saturday 18 May.

The judges are: Paul Billinger and Tony Cullen for the British Science Fiction Association, Doug Millard for the Science Museum, and Liz Sourbut and Lisa Tuttle for the Science Fiction Foundation. The administrator is Paul Kincaid.

Awards presented in 2001**Arthur C Clarke Award**

Perdido Street Station by China Miéville

British Fantasy Awards

Novel: *Perdido Street Station* by China Miéville

Short Fiction: 'Naming of Parts' by Tim Lebbon

Anthology: *Hideous Progeny* edited by Brian Willis

Collection: *Where the Bodies are Buried* by Kim Newman

Artist: Jim Burns

Small Press: PS Publishing

Karl Edward Wagner Award: Peter Haining

British Science Fiction Association (BSFA) Awards

Novel: *Ash* by Mary Gentle

Short story: 'The Suspect Genome' by Peter F Hamilton

Artwork: 'Hideaway' by Dominic Harman

Fan Activity Achievement (FAAn) Awards

Fanzine: *Idea*, edited by Geri Sullivan

Fan Writer: Victor Gonzalez

Fan Artist: Steve Styles

Letterhack: Robert Lichtman

New Fan: Sheila Lightsey

Hugo Awards

Novel: *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire* by J K Rowling

Novella: 'The Ultimate Earth' by Jack Williamson

Novelette: 'Millennium Babies' by Kristine Kathryn Rusch

Short Story: 'Different Kinds of Darkness' by David Langford

Non-Fiction: *Greetings from Earth: The Art of Bob Eggleton* by Bob Eggleton & Nigel Suckling Professional Editor:

Gardner Dozois

Professional Artist: Bob Eggleton

Dramatic Presentation: *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*

Semiprozine: *Locus*, edited by Charles N Brown

Fanzine: *File 770*, edited by Mike Glyer

Fan Writer: Dave Langford

Fan Artist: Teddy Harvia

Campbell Award (not a Hugo): Kristine Smith

James White Award

'Nucleon' by David D Levine

John W Campbell Memorial Award

Genesis by Poul Anderson

Locus Awards

SF Novel: *The Telling* by Ursula K Le Guin

Fantasy Novel: *A Storm of Swords* by George R R Martin

First Novel: *Mars Crossing* by Geoffrey A Landis

Novella: 'Radiant Green Star' by Lucius Shepard

Novelette: 'The Birthday of the World' by Ursula K Le Guin

Short Story: 'The Missing Mass' by Larry Niven

Non-Fiction Book: *On Writing* by Stephen King

Art Book: *Spectrum 7: The Best in Contemporary Fantastic Art*, edited by Cathy & Arnie Fenner

Collection: *Tales of Old Earth* by Michael Swanwick

Anthology: *The Year's Best Science Fiction: Seventeenth Annual Collection*, edited by Gardner Dozois

Editor: Gardner Dozois

Magazine: *Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*

Book Publisher: Tor

Philip K Dick Award

Only Forward by Michael Marshall Smith

Nebula Awards

Novel: *Darwin's Radio* by Greg Bear

Novella: 'Goddesses' by Linda Nagata

Novelette: 'Daddy's World' by Walter Jon Williams

Short Story: 'macs' by Terry Bisson

Nova Awards

Fanzine: *Head!*, edited by Christina Lake and Doug Bell

Fan Writer: Alison Freebairn

Fan Artist: Dave Hicks

Richard Evans Memorial Award

Gwyneth Jones

The Rotsler Award

Brad Foster

Science Fiction and Fantasy Hall of Fame

Alfred Bester, Ursula K Le Guin, Fritz Leiber, Jack Vance

Science Fiction Writers of America (SFWA) Grand Master

Philip José Farmer

SFWA Author Emeritus

Robert Sheckley

Sidewise Awards for Alternate History

Short Form: 'Seventy-Two Letters' by Ted Chiang

Long Form: *Ash* by Mary Gentle

Theodore Sturgeon Memorial Award

'Tendeleo's Story' by Ian McDonald

World Fantasy Awards

Life Achievement: Philip José Farmer; Frank Frazetta

Novel (Tie): *Declare* by Tim Powers; *Galveston* by Sean Stewart

Novella: 'The Man on the Ceiling' by Steve Rasnic Tem & Melanie Tem

Short Fiction: 'The Pottawatomie Giant' by Andy Duncan

Anthology: *Dark Matter: A Century of Speculative Fiction from the African Diaspora*, edited by Sheree R. Thomas

Collection: *Beluthahatchie and Other Stories* by Andy Duncan

Artist: Shaun Tan

Special Award, Professional: Tom Shippey—for *J R R.*

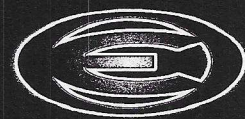
Tolkien: Author of the Century

Special Award, Non-Professional: Bill Sheehan—for *At The Foot Of The Story Tree: An Inquiry into the Fiction of Peter Straub*

Sources: *Ansible*, *Matrix*, *Locus* plus various web sites, notably PNN (<http://www.plokta.com/pnn/>) and AwardWeb (<http://dpsinfo.com/awardweb/>). The *Ansible* web page (<http://www.dcs.gla.ac.uk/SF-Archives/Ansible/ansilink.html>) has links to many award home pages.

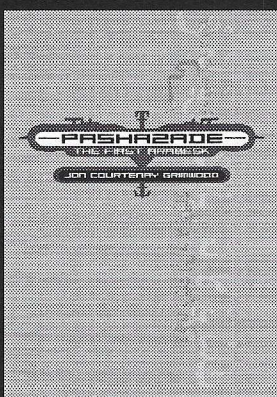


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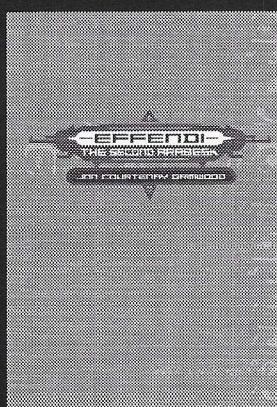
salutes

jon courtenay grimwood



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BSFA Award for Best Novel**

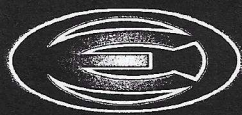
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Facts and Fictions: An Archipelagian Conspectus by K V Bailey

From the high north coast cliffs of Jersey, Guernsey and Sark are easily identifiable as cloudy shapes to the north-west. Alderney, almost forty miles distant, may sometimes be seen as a dark streak on the northern horizon. Together with such small satellite islands as Brechou, Burhou, Lihou and Herm, all set in their watery expanse, these Channel Islands—or 'L'Archipel de la Manche'—can, by the spatially-oriented imagination, be envisaged as a galactic cluster. Given the cosmological phenomenon and concept of clustered galaxies, the sfnal imagination is capable of going on to the possibility of a distinctive culture being diffused through the habitations of each galaxy, and eventually of intergalactic intercourse—tensions, concordats, constitutional convergences and divergences.

And so we may analogise. The Big Bang which brought the Îles Anglo-Normandes (to give them another French appellation) into distinctive historical existence was the 1066 invasion of England by the Duke of Normandy, and his acquisition of the English throne. The islands were part of his fiefdom and so, in essence—throughout the vicissitudes of invasions, occupations and civil war—they have remained, now defined as Crown Dependencies. They group into two independent and self-governing Bailiwicks—that of the island of Jersey with its retinue of reefs and islets, and that of Guernsey with its more substantial component islands of Herm, Sark (domestically feudal) and Alderney (fiscally and juridically in partial attachment, but generally self-governing). History has left many distinguishing cultural impresses. The forms of Norman-French patois, surviving and nurtured everywhere save in Alderney, are unique to the individual islands (paradoxically, Sark was colonised from Jersey). During the Civil War, Jersey was Royalist, but Guernsey was Puritan (and has had its episode of witchcraft persecution). Alderney, noted for a stubborn independence, throughout its history thrived on smuggling and privateering. The socio-cultural tempers native to those respective religious/political divisions are in modified ways manifest even today in Jersey and in Guernsey.

And what of the islands before that historical Big Bang? Well, of course, there have been times when they didn't exist as islands, times when successive ice ages so lowered the sea level that, at an extreme, the Atlantic shoreline ran curvingly from the Scillies to Ushant. With interglacial ice-melt, the sea level rose, islanding the islands. In the course of the past twelve thousand years—the tailing-off of the most recent glaciation—first Guernsey and Alderney, and later Jersey, became physically detached from France. Jersey is the only island producing clear evidence of the sporadic Palaeolithic presence of man between 50,000 and 150,000 years ago; in one phase a Neanderthaloid type associated with crudely-fashioned (Moustenan) hunting tools was living in and using cave-shelters in a then 'undetached' Jersey. As the islands as such were emerging, they became the scene of hunter-fisher-gatherer activities of men producing Mesolithic artefacts; then from around six thousand years ago, facilitated by sea-worthy craft, the islands began to be settled by communities of farmers and traders. These were the Neolithic people who have left behind such striking monuments as the great mound and passage grave of the Hougue Bie in Jersey and the carved (subsequently remodelled) and perennially venerated statue of

La Grandmère du Chimquière in Guernsey. Bronze and Iron Ages bequeathed their hordes and pottery. The Romans left their mark in structures of uncertain use in Jersey and Alderney. The Gallo-Celtic 'Dark Ages' saw Viking raids, with probably some admixturing settlement, and the christianising enterprises of Celtic monks and hermits such as St Sampson, St Magloire and St Helier (martyred in the town which now perpetuates his name—as does, indirectly, this convention). The Viking raids on and settlement of mainland France produced a Gallo-Norse hegemony which extended to the offshore archipelago, and, under the Duke of Normandy, such was the islands' feudal status when that historical Big Bang created les Îles Anglo-Normandes.

As one might expect, an archipelago with so fascinating a past—and set on the far western fringe of the great Asia-European land mass—has generated a distinctive body of legend and folklore and has proved rewarding territory for the embroidering imaginations of writers of fantastic fiction. The purpose of the second part of this article is to look at some instances of such interaction. Actually, Jersey, although featured in such historical and mainstream novels as D K Broster's *Sir Isumbras at the Ford* and Ethel Mannin's *Children of the Earth*, is less rich in this respect than is the Bailiwick of Guernsey. It has been television's *Bergerac* crime and detection programmes that have most recently, and to the benefit of its tourism, popularised Jersey and its landscapes.

In the nineteenth century it was a great European poet and novelist, realist and fantasist who put Jersey on the literary map. Victor Hugo spent three years of political exile there before moving on (or being moved on) to do a longer stretch in Guernsey. He and companions banned from France would meet to uphold the republican cause at the foot of their 'Rocher des Proscrits' at Jersey's Havre des Pas. It was Hugo's lonely brooding and fantasising at such Neolithic sites as the Hougue Bie and the megaliths at Rozel and La Corbière which engendered the visions and voices of *Les Contemplations*. He found the sea, too, a constant source of wonder and mystery. In *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, he populated the waters around Sark with a leviathan among squids. In *L'homme qui rit*, he drew on experiences of voyages made to England (while living in Guernsey) to depict and mythicise great marine vistas; he described the rocky islets of the Casquets and Ortac as giants which as, they are approached, seem, like Scylla and Charybdis, to rear up out of the sea. Hugo saw the rocks and reefs, around which a vicious tidal race swirls, off-shore of Alderney, as the island's repelling guard, naming a dozen—Fond-du-croc, Les Jumelles, La Clanque—and asking, 'What are all these monsters? Hydras? Yes, hydras of a stony breed.'

Turning now to a novelist and poet of our own time, we find Kevin Crossley-Holland (whose *The Seeing Stone*, the first highly original volume of a meta-Arthurian, was published last year) to be well immersed in Channel Island lore and history. His long poem, 'The Nunnery', traces episodically the story of a building which started as a Roman fort guarding the ancient southern harbour of Alderney and is today part ruin, part seaward gazing-flats. An opening section dramatises the aeonial legend of souls of the dead being ferried from France to fabled isles of rest in the western ocean. In the closing section the cries of children playing soldiers in the fort mingle with the 'ebb and flow/of water always moving therefore always trapped'.

Yet another poet and novelist (and fine fantasy artist) who had an island at the focus of some of his best work was Mervyn Peake. The island is Sark, where he lived during the time he was writing *Gormenghast*. The almost unbroken ring of steep cliffs that hem in that island evoke strongly the walls of Gormenghast Castle, and the castle's ruined state when the waters rise may reflect impressions left by such marooned and ruined forts as Houmet Herbé, off the east coast of Alderney, which Peake could have seen in his sailings around the islands. In the spoken introduction to Peake's own adaptation for radio of his novel *Mr Pye*, he says that, real Channel Island as Sark may appear to be in the play, it is most essentially his vision of an island: 'We are using the name to make a little sense in the midst of a fantasy.' So it is that to readers and listeners his Sark comes across very vividly, 'honey-combed with caves, alive with flying buttresses of rock', not only a sensible terrain, but a sensual one.

When we come closer to science fiction than to fantasy, we still find the Channel Islands serviceable for a writer who seeks in them paradigms of universal flux and change, as, indeed, their history, and in particular their pre-history, show them to be. John Christopher, who has lived in Guernsey, in *A Wrinkle in the Skin* (AKA *The Ragged Edge*) envisages a future catastrophe which at one blow simulates the geophysical processes of millennia: a great earthquake drains the Channel, leaving its islands as stranded rocky rises in a vast sodden plain. Communications fail, civil anarchy sets in, and Christopher's protagonist journeys on foot across the sea-bed to try to find his wife in England. He encounters lawless strongholds established in foundered wrecks, and a deteriorating chaos on the mainland into which his wife has disappeared. Attempting a return to the islands, he finds men fishing and gathering molluscs for sustenance by a large lake. (There is today, north of the islands, a sea-trench known as the Hurd Deep. It was a lake in mid-postglacial times when all around was land.) These survivors were involuntarily re-enacting the practices of Mesolithic forebears, but now they were the potential transmitters of civilisation. They escort the distressed wanderer to a hilly tract a few miles to the south which had, pre-catastrophe, been the island of Alderney. There a small community is regaining its human bearings and nurturing a humane future. John Christopher in this novel mingles echoes of an ancient past with potential future thunderings—the earthquake symbolic of these—but concludes on a more upbeat and optimistic note than he does in his despairing comparable novel *The Death of Grass*. Perhaps existence in les Îles Anglo-Normandes is conducive of the upbeat. Lines Mervyn Peake put into the mouth of the patriarch in his play *Noah's Ark* (written shortly after a longish spell of living in Sark) may be supportive of that sentiment, as well as being resonant of much that has been presented in this article.

As the Ark comes to rest on Ararat, Noah says:

The world heaves up
Hill after hill,
So drink the dawn,
Mes animaux,
And drink your fill.

Certainly the greatest genius ever to reside (however reluctantly) in Jersey, or in Guernsey, was the exiled Victor Hugo; his birth bicentenary is being celebrated this year in those islands, just as it is nationwide in France. He often expressed feelings of having found in the Channel Islands

evidence of the upholding of freedom amid constant change, and also of cultural renewals and transformations, paralleling nature's perennial renaissance. Providing a concluding and not inappropriate image, here is a fragment of a letter of invitation he wrote from Jersey in 1853 to his friend Alphonse Esquiros:

'Time it, dear poet, to reach us along with April, with the dawn, with the spring, with the birds in full chorus.'*

—K V Bailey

A Bit of GUFF History

Modelled on DUFF and TAFF, GUFF was motivated partly by Chris Priest's visit to Australia and by the British 1979 Worldcon. Originally intended as a one-off for Seacon, it was initially administered by Leigh Edmonds and Dave Langford. Previous trip winners are (↑ indicates a Europe-bound trip and ↓ an Australia-bound):

1979	↑	John Foyster
1981	↓	Joseph Nicholas
1984	↑	Justin Ackroyd
1985	↓	Eve Harvey
1987	↑	Irwin Hirsh
1989	↓	Roelof Goudriaan
1990	↑	Roman Orszanski
1992	↓	Eva Hauser
1995	↑	Ian Gunn & Karen Pender-Gunn
1999	↓	Paul Kincaid.
2001	↑	Eric Lindsay & Jean Weber

Reflections on our GUFF 2001 trip by Jean Weber and Eric Lindsay

We were the GUFF (Get Up-and-over Fan Fund) winners from Australia in 2001. We spent six weeks in the UK, attending Paragon (the 2001 Eastercon), staying with various fans before and after, and travelling around as much as we could.

We're really glad we made a GUFF trip to an Eastercon, not to a Worldcon that happened to be in the UK, because that way we had a better chance to meet UK fans in their native habitat.

Paragon was still a fairly large convention by our standards. The largest convention in Australia (other than the Aussiecons, which attracted large numbers of overseas visitors) was around 500 people; a typical NatCon has half that number, or less. This is partly a matter of the number of fans, but also a matter of distance. Perth, for example, has a thriving fandom, but few fans from Perth are able to attend conventions in other parts of Australia, and few 'eastern' fans get to Perth.

So turning up to an Eastercon with an attendance around the size of an Australian-based worldcon was quite different! We have both been to enough conventions in the USA that the size of the Eastercon wasn't a shock, but it's still nothing like the size of an Australian NatCon.

The fan lounge reminded Jean of a small Australian con, where almost everybody knows (or knows of) each other. We liked that. Most of the people we wanted to see, if they were at the convention at all, turned up in the fan lounge, or we could track them down in the bar.

The Hanover International Hotel at Hinckley (scene of the 2001 Eastercon) was a lot nicer than we had expected, although—as expected—the food left quite a bit to be desired. Still, we weren't there for the food; we were there to meet people, and that we certainly did. Eric attended some of the general programming, and we both participated in the fan lounge programme. We were interested to note how popular quiz-style panel items are (we're hopeless at quizzes, as was probably evident to anyone who attended the ones we participated in).

It's hard to single out anything we particularly liked, but high on the list is Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer's photoshow of fans then and now, which included more embarrassing photos of British fandom than we ever expected to see in a single sitting.

The fans we visited were great! Helpful, friendly, interesting, excellent cooks (an unexpected bonus), and with fascinating libraries to snoop through. We could easily be persuaded to inflict ourselves on them again, if we ever get the chance.

Even though we were under no obligation to do more than attend Eastercon, we had hoped to visit more fannish groups around the country. But the meetings we knew about (gleaned from following links from Dave Langford's website) always seemed to be on when we were at the opposite end of the country. So in that respect we didn't do as much fannish stuff after the con as we had intended.

We did get to a meeting in Bristol, and hung around with a group of fans in Scotland for a few days, as well as visiting some of the old-time fans that hardly anybody sees any more, including Paul (Skel) and Cas Skelton and Pete and Anita Presford. We'd hoped to visit others, but time, distance, and

the foot-and-mouth disease situation prevented us from getting to everyone.

One thing that surprised us a bit was how much interesting stuff was packed into such a small place. We're so used to the huge distances between anything much of interest in Australia that we thought we'd be able to see a lot more than we did in the UK. After all, everything is so close together! Well, yes, but the density of interesting stuff is so high. Six weeks was hardly enough to get started, even considering everything we had to skip because it was closed.

Something we'd expected, but still found a shock, was the prices. With the pound worth nearly three Australian dollars, our money evaporated faster than water on a hot stove. Fortunately our expenses were minimal, as we mostly stayed with people who were kind enough to feed us as well as give us a place to sleep.

All in all, we had a great time, both at the con and on our travels before and afterwards. People (fans and others) were so friendly and helpful to us. We very much appreciated all the assistance, and we'd love to reciprocate, so we encourage UK fans to take advantage of the exchange rate and visit us in Australia. And support GUFF!

Portions of our trip report were on the web even before we finished the trip; the printed version is now available from the administrators, or you can download a PDF copy and print it yourself. The web version (which is slightly different) will remain where it is indefinitely:

<http://www.ericlindsay.com/guff/> *

—Jean Weber and Eric Lindsay

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A Bit of TAFF History

The Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund (TAFF) was created in 1953 for the purpose of providing funds to bring well-known and popular fans familiar to those on both sides of the ocean across the Atlantic. Since that time, TAFF has regularly brought North American fans to European conventions and European fans to North American conventions. TAFF exists only through the support of fandom. The candidates are voted on by interested fans all over the world, and each vote is accompanied by a donation. These votes, and the continued generosity of fandom, are what makes TAFF possible.

Previous trip winners are (⇒ indicates an eastbound trip and ⇐ a westbound):

1954	⇐	A. Vincent Clarke ¹
1955	⇐	Ken Bulmer
1956	⇒	Lee Hoffman ²
1957	⇒	Bob Madle
1958	⇐	Ron Bennett
1959	⇒	Don Ford
1960	⇐	Eric Bentcliffe
1961	⇒	Ron Ellik
1962	⇐	Ethel Lindsay
1963	⇒	Wally Weber
1964	⇐	Arthur (ATom) Thomson
1965	⇒	Terry Carr
1966	⇐	Tom Schluck
1968	⇒	Steve Stiles
1969	⇐	Eddie Jones
1970	⇒	Elliot Shorter
1971	⇐	Mario Bosnyak
1973	⇒	Len & June Moffat
1974	⇐	Peter Weston
1976	⇒	Roy Tackett and Bill Bowers (tie) ³
1977	⇐	Pete Roberts
1979	⇒	Terry Hughes
1980	⇐	Dave Langford
1981	⇒	Stu Shiffman
1982	⇐	Kevin Smith
1983	⇒	Avedon Carol
1984	⇐	Rob Hansen
1985	⇒	Patrick & Teresa Nielsen Hayden
1986	⇐	Gregory Pickersgill
1987	⇒	Jeanne Gomoll
1988	⇐	Lilian Edwards & Christina Lake
1989	⇒	Robert Lichtman
1991	⇐	Pam Wells
1992	⇒	Jeanne Bowman
1993	⇐	Abigail Frost
1995	⇒	Dan Steffan
1996	⇐	Martin Tudor
1998	⇒	Ulrika O'Brien
1998	⇐	Maureen Kincaid Speller
1999	⇒	Vijay Bowen
2000	⇐	Sue Mason
2001	⇒	Victor Gonzalez

Footnotes

- ¹ Unable to make trip
- ² Declined funds
- ³ Election tied; funds insufficient to send both; Bowers withdrew

A westbound race is scheduled for 2002, to take a delegate to the Worldcon in San José in August/September. Ballot forms are not available for our press deadline, but should be available from the administrators.

For further details, please see the TAFF ballot form, or talk to the current administrators Victor Gonzalez and Sue Mason, both of whom should be at Helicon 2.

TAFF Trips by Maureen Kincaid Speller

I don't think there is any one reason why a person stands for TAFF. I could say, 'It seemed like a good idea at the time,' but that would be to trivialise the issue, and TAFF deserves much more than that. I could say, 'I wanted to see America,' and while that's true—and has been since I was a small child—it's only a small part of the story. Whatever I told the nice man at Immigration in Washington, DC, TAFF isn't just about travelling round America, although I managed to see more than most TAFF delegates do. 'I wanted to meet American fans on their own turf' gets us much closer to the heart of the issue, so it's perhaps no surprise that I began to think about standing for TAFF in the wake of the 1995 Worldcon in Glasgow. I'd met some people I remembered meeting in 1987, met some new people too, liked them all and an idea began to form.

No one actually said, 'You should stand for TAFF,' but when I quietly raised the idea with a few people they didn't fall down laughing, and I took that as a good sign. Some of them actually offered to nominate me, which was even more encouraging, and so I threw my hat into the ring, alongside those of Bridget Hardcastle (as was) and Chris Bell, and set about campaigning. I put a lot of time and energy into that campaign, producing more issues of *Snufkin's Bum*, getting the ballot papers out there, trying to introduce myself to the rest of American fandom by one means or another, including the internet; ultimately, I was successful—otherwise I wouldn't be writing this.

After I won, life took on a dream-like quality. I'd realised one day during the campaign that as I am a freelancer I didn't just have to go to America for three weeks; I could go for three months, the length of a tourist visa, and see more of America and meet more fans. As an idea, this seemed to go down very well with American fans, and from the many invitations I received I fairly quickly sketched out an itinerary which would take me from the Worldcon in Baltimore, via New York, across the Mid West, down the West Coast and back to New York. (I originally had this wild idea of circumnavigating the lower 48, and one day I do hope to travel across the bottom of the US and back up the East Coast—despite possessing a map big enough to carpet my study, I really underestimated the size of the United States.)

It's impossible to overstate the generosity of the many people I met in the US during my trip. Being a fan-fund winner is one of the weirdest experiences in the world. Wherever you go, people you don't know that well—or may not know at all—all want to take you out, show you around, have parties for you so you can meet more people... and then it starts all over again with all the new people you've met. American fandom spoiled me rotten for three months, and I had a ball. There are so many highlights: I'm sure Paul will put in a bid for Manassas and Gettysburg—where he finally got to look at, rather than read about, Civil War battlefields—

but I find it too hard to choose. There was so much I'd always wanted to see and do, and I got to do pretty much all of it and then some.

But it's a two-way thing: I did lots of sightseeing in very congenial company but, equally, I enjoyed seeing what fans do on their home turf. People took me to see *their* favourite things—this is always great because fans are enthusiasts by nature, and there is nothing better than talking to someone about something they really love. I spent an afternoon watching Regency dancing in Pasadena, one of those fan things I'd been mystified about for years because we don't have it here. In Madison I went to an sf reading group at the local Borders. I went to a meeting of the Los Angeles SF Society because, among other things, I wanted to see their club house. Rich Lynch most memorably drove Paul and myself all the way out to Hagerstown to meet the legendary Harry Warner. And best of all was just being with people, talking about fandom, about books, about the world, a world which was rapidly expanding as I looked at it.

Whatever else it does, TAFF, like all fan funds, broadens our horizons even as it shrinks the world. US fandom isn't one vast, homogeneous group, any more than UK fandom is. The geography of North America shapes it in a way we can't begin to imagine over here, and each regional group has its subtle variations of character, its biases and preoccupations. American conventions are often very different to what we're used to here, and it's not easy to appreciate those differences without seeing them in action. All this I knew in the abstract before I set out, but to see US fandom in action during my TAFF trip and on subsequent visits has been a fascinating and enriching experience. Ah yes, the subsequent visits; they're another legacy of my TAFF trip. Having been once, I keep going back, visiting old friends and going to various conventions, renewing those links established during the original trip. And to me, that's what TAFF is about; it's about possibilities, opportunities, the chance to get in touch with fandom on a grand scale, to see fandom through other eyes and in other ways. Making the TAFF trip changed my view of the world, and I don't doubt that whoever wins the forthcoming race will find their own version of that experience.*

—Maureen Kincaid Speller

Maureen Kincaid Speller was the TAFF delegate from Europe to North America in 1998.

The current European administrator is Sue Mason (3 York Street, Altrincham, Cheshire WA15 9QH, UK).

Doc Weir Award

The Award was set up in memory of fan Arthur Rose 'Doc' Weir who died in 1961. Although a relative newcomer, he was already old when he discovered fandom but he'd become active in a number of areas in a short time. In particular he'd been a dedicated worker for the BSFA, so when Weir died John Phillifent wrote to Ella Parker and Peter Mabey suggesting that the BSFA could help out his widow by making an offer for his sf collection. This was believed to be of high quality and Phillifent thought it would be a useful addition to the BSFA library. A Doc Weir Memorial Fund was started to pay for the purchase.

However, it transpired that the collection was less extensive than was first thought and at the 1962 BSFA AGM it was decided to hold a vote on what to do with the money collected by the fund. The vote was overwhelmingly for the establishment of the 'Doc Weir Fan Recognition Award' which, it was decided, would be in the form of a trophy to be awarded annually and engraved with each recipient's name.

The first presentation was made at the 1963 Eastercon, Bullcon, which was held in April at the Bull Hotel in Peterborough. Peter Mabey was the first recipient (*in absentia*) of the Doc Weir Award, for his work with the BSFA lending library. The Award has been presented in most subsequent years, when it's usually been seen as the 'Good Guy' award: something for 'the Unsung Heroes'.

Fandom needs volunteers. Conventions, clubs, fanzines—they all require an extensive workforce, people who do 'stuff' for no financial reward. Some people have a high-profile role but there are many who don't, whose involvement goes almost unnoticed and may even be taken for granted. In some respects, the ideal Doc Weir Award candidate is the sort of person who *doesn't* immediately spring to mind but makes perfect sense if somebody else suggests them.

1963	Peter Mabey
1964	Archie Mercer
1965	Terry Jeeves
1966	Kenneth F Slater
1967	Doreen Parker
1968	Mary Reed
1969	Beryl Mercer
1970	J Michael Rosenblum
1971	Phil Rogers
1972	Jill Adams
1973	Ethel Lindsay
1974	Malcolm Edwards
1975	Peter Weston
1976	Ina Shorrock
1977	Keith H Freeman
1978	Gregory Pickersgill
1979	Rog Peyton
1980	Bob Shaw
1981	John Brunner
1984	Joyce Slater
1985	James White
1987	Brian Burgess
1989	Vinç Clarke
1990	Roger Perkins
1991	Pat Brown
1992	Roger Robinson
1993	Bridget Wilkinson
1994	Tim Broadribb
1995	Bernie Evans
1996	Mark Plummer
1997	John Harold
1998	Andy Croft
1999	½r Cruttenden
2000	Tim Illingworth
2001	Noel Collyer

(The list of past winners has been copied from the Award itself, so it should be definitive. Historical information derived from the third volume of *Then....*, Rob Hansen's history of British fandom.)

Concourse

A bid for the 55th British National Science Fiction Convention

9th - 12th April 2004

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Eastercon: The British National Science Fiction Convention

The term 'Eastercon' is fannish shorthand for what is effectively the 'British National SF Convention'. This would seem to imply that it cannot legitimately be held in the Channel Islands but fandom consists of free spirits who will not be constrained by rules, as is exemplified by the fact that the first conventions to be held at Easter don't count as Eastercons while the first 'Eastercon' was in fact held at Whitsun. Under the circumstances, the existence of a convention called 'Eastercon 22' which maintains a tenacious grip on the number twenty-two slot in the Eastercon listing seems almost perverse.

This version of the list started life in 1971, when the history of past Eastercons was fixed by the simply expedient of calling that year's convention 'Eastercon 22', thus implying the existence of 21 previous events. However, in 1989 Rob Hansen made some adjustments. Quoting from his introduction to the list in the Contrivance programme book:

'The current series of British National conventions is traditionally numbered from the 1948 Whitcon. It was, however, not until 1955 that the national con was held over Easter rather than Whitsun, and the name "Eastercon" came to be applied to the series. The earlier 1944 convention is not considered to be an "Eastercon" in that sense.

'Previous convention lists have not shown a national convention in 1957. Recent research has, however, revealed that one took place, which necessitates a certain amount of renumbering. Fortunately, a case can be made for not counting Festivention, in 1951, as a national convention. It was planned as an international convention, to tie in with the Festival of Britain, and was, indeed, more international than many Worldcons of the time. It had attendees from as far away as the

USA, Canada and Australia, as well as several European countries. With these adjustments, the 1971 convention can still be called Eastercon 22, and Contrivance remains the 40th British National SF Convention.'

And there things stood for a decade, until Pat McMurray produced a revised listing in 1999. Fortunately, Pat failed to find any more lost conventions, but he did fill in a few blanks.

Pat comments:

'This list follows Rob Hansen's listing in general, only making changes where there is documentary proof to back them up. For example, Rob lists 1952 as Loncon, but the 1952 programme book makes no such reference, and the 1949 programme book calls that convention Loncon. This listing follows Rob in calling the 1953 convention Coroncon, although it appears from the programme book and other documents that this convention was not called that at the time. There are some additional guests where the documents make this clear.

'Guests, especially in early years, are a complicated issue. One in particular deserves mention. At the 1944 Eastercon, Professor A M Low was intended to be the Guest Speaker, as per the programme book, but he was unable to attend due to other commitments.'

For all that we like the idea of inserting another pre-1971 convention, just so we can force through some bizarre machination to keep 'Eastercon 22' as the twenty-second Eastercon—perhaps by changing bases?—the list printed here remains unchanged from the revised McMurray listing, save to add the latest conventions on the bottom.

We won't mention Kettering in '57.*

—Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer

Early Conventions

Name	Location	Year	Date	Guest
	Leeds	1937		Unknown
	London	1938		Unknown
	London	1939		Unknown
Midvention	Leicester	1943	Easter	None
Eastercon	London	1944	Easter	Professor A M Low

Eastercons

#	Name	Location	Year	Date	Guests
1	Whitcon	London	1948	Whitsun	A Bertram Chandler
2	Loncon	London	1949	Easter	None
*	Festivention	London	1951	Whitsun	Forrest & Wendayne Ackerman, Lyell Crane
3	London SF Con	London	1952	Whitsun	None
4	Coroncon	London	1953	Whitsun	None
5	Supermancon	Manchester	1954	Whitsun	John Russell Fearn
6	Cytricon	Kettering	1955	Easter	None
7	Cytricon II	Kettering	1956	Easter	None
8	Cytricon III	Kettering	1957	Easter	Unknown
9	Cytricon IV	Kettering	1958	Easter	Unknown
10	Brumcon	Birmingham	1959	Easter	Kenneth F Slater
11	London	London	1960	Easter	E J 'Ted' Carnell, Don Ford
12	LXIcon	Gloucester	1961	Easter	Kingsley Amis
13	Ronvention	Harrogate	1962	Easter	Tom Boardman
14	Bullcon	Peterborough	1963	Easter	Edmund Crispin

15	Repetercon	Peterborough	1964	Easter	Ted Tubb
16	Brumcon II	Birmingham	1965	Easter	Harry Harrison
17	Yarcon	Yarmouth	1966	Easter	Ron Whiting
18	Briscon	Bristol	1967	Easter	John Brunner
19	Thirdmancon	Buxton	1968	Easter	Ken Bulmer
20	Galactic Fair	Oxford	1969	Easter	Judith Merril
21	Seicon '70	London	1970	Easter	James Blish
22	Eastercon 22	Worcester	1971	Easter	Ethel Lindsay, Anne McCaffrey
23	Chessmancon	Chester	1972	Easter	Larry Niven
24	OMPACon	Bristol	1973	Easter	Samuel R Delany
25	Tynecon	Newcastle	1974	Easter	Bob Shaw, Peter Weston
26	Seacon	Coventry	1975	Easter	Harry Harrison
27	Mancon 5	Manchester	1976	Easter	Peter Roberts, Robert Silverberg
28	Eastercon '77	Coventry	1977	Easter	John Bush
29	Skycon	Heathrow	1978	Easter	Roy Kettle, Robert Sheckley
30	Yorcon	Leeds	1979	Easter	Graham Charnock, Pat Charnock, Richard Cowper
31	Albacon	Glasgow	1980	Easter	Jim Barker, Colin Kapp
32	Yorcon II	Leeds	1981	Easter	Tom Disch, Dave Langford, Ian Watson
33	Channelcon	Brighton	1982	Easter	Angela Carter, John Sladek
34	Albacon II	Glasgow	1983	Easter	Marion Zimmer Bradley, Avedon Carol, James White
35	Seacon '84	Brighton	1984	Easter	Pierre Barbet, Waldemar Kumming, Josef Nesvadba, Chris Priest, Roger Zelazny
36	Yorcon III	Leeds	1985	Easter	Greg Benford, Linda Pickersgill
37	Albacon III	Glasgow	1986	Easter	Clive Barker, Joe Haldeman, John Jarrold, Pete Lyon
38	BECCON '87	Birmingham	1987	Easter	Chris Atkinson, Keith Roberts, Jane Gaskell
39	Follycon	Liverpool	1988	Easter	Gordon Dickson, Gwyneth Jones, Greg Pickersgill, Len Wein
40	Contrivance	Jersey	1989	Easter	Avedon Carol, Rob Hansen, M John Harrison, Don Lawrence, Anne McCaffrey
41	Eastcon	Liverpool	1990	Easter	Iain Banks, Anne Page, SMS
42	Speculation	Glasgow	1991	Easter	Rob Holdstock
43	Illumination	Blackpool	1992	Easter	Paul McAuley, Geoff Ryman, Pam Wells
44	Helicon	Jersey	1993	Easter	John Brunner, George R R Martin, Karel Thole, Larry van der Putte
45	Sou'Wester	Liverpool	1994	Easter	Diane Duane, Neil Gaiman, Barbara Hambly, Peter Morwood, Thog the Mighty
46	Confabulation	London	1995	Easter	Lois McMaster Bujold, Roger Robinson, Bob Shaw
47	Evolution	Heathrow	1996	Easter	Jack Cohen, Colin Greenland, Paul Kincaid, Maureen Speller, Bryan Talbot, Vernor Vinge
48	Intervention	Liverpool	1997	Easter	Brian Aldiss, Jon Bing, Octavia Butler, Dave Langford
49	Intuition	Manchester	1998	Easter	Ian McDonald, Martin Tudor, Connie Willis
50	ReConvene	Liverpool	1999	Easter	Peter S Beagle, John Clute, Tom Holt, Jeff Noon, Thog the Mighty, Ron Tiner
51	2Kon	Glasgow	2000	Easter	Bob Harris, Guy Gavriel Kay, Katherine Kurtz, Dr John Salthouse, Deborah Turner-Harris
52	Paragon	Hinckley	2001	Easter	Stephen Baxter, Claire Briailey, Lisanne Norman, Mark Plummer, Mike Scott Rohan
53	Helicon 2	Jersey	2002	Easter	Brian Stableford, Harry Turtledove, Peter Weston
54	Seacon 03	Hinckley	2003	Easter	Chris Baker, Christopher Evans, Mary Gentle

Memory Hole Annex

As the introduction to this listing should make clear, the history of what's come to be known as the British National Science Fiction Convention is surprisingly hazy. It's all rather ridiculous really, given fans' general tendency to write down every last detail of their lives, yet somehow these events—occasions that should be momentous, at least within the confines of the fannish microcosm—can actually fade to a blur or even vanish from the collective memory. Rob Hansen, writing in *Then...* 3 refers to an advert in the programme book of the 1956 New York Worldcon, placed by Ken Bulmer in support of the bid to run the 1957 Worldcon in London:

'This was a rather curious piece of work that claimed London held the world record for the number of conventions held in a single city, which it then proceeded to list. It omitted the 1939 convention, called the previously unnamed 1938 convention Necronomicon, renamed 1948's Whitcon as Loncon, and gave the following year's Loncon the name

Ragcon. In addition the gathering of fans in London in September 1941 was now elevated to the status of a convention (a dubious proposition at best) and named Bombcon. Despite this the 1957 Worldcon was awarded to Britain...'

The Memory Hole Annex was created to preserve the stuff of conventions. Its highly trained staff (P McMurray) collect and index all manner of convention memorabilia—the obvious publications, such as programme books, PRs and newsletters, but also badges, merchandise and internal documentation—because it's all a part of our history. Maybe it will help some twenty-first century Ken Bulmer who wants to prove that, say, Kettering is in fact the convention capital of the world; maybe it will just provide some information for somebody who's simply interested in what's gone before.

The Memory Hole Annex is interested in all convention memorabilia. You can contact them by email at: pat@cooky.demon.co.uk or find them on the internet at: <http://www.cooky.demon.co.uk/>✴

Helicon 2: The Programme

Press deadlines mean that this is a provisional programme for Helicon 2. A full version will appear in the *Read Me* and, in case of conflict, it's the *Read Me* that's more likely to be definitive.

Friday 29 March 2002

	Auditorium	Golden	Giffard	Verclut (TV)
12:00				
13:00				
14:00		What is fandom that thou art mindful of it?		
15:00	The Terribly Splendid and Worthwhile Opening Ceremony			
16:00	In the first second of forever: the Big Bang	Looking behind: items of interest in the year since Paragon	Jersey local history	
17:00	GoH: Peter Weston			
18:00	Alternative history: an overview	Is nitpicking a legitimate critical technique in sf?		
19:00	Creation myths		An alternate history of fandom	
20:00	Beethoven's <i>Slippery When Wet</i> : what could have been done with modern kit?	The right stuff		
21:00	Alternative history: choosing a point of departure	Shifting the paradigm: how science changes	Auction for the Fan Funds	
22:00			Fan Room 101: Harry Turtledove	
23:00		Fannish readings	Filking 'til dawn	Overnight radio

Saturday 30 March 2002

	Auditorium	Golden	Giffard	Verclut (TV)
10:00	Points of departure: the Reformation		Gripe session	
11:00	Can you hear me at the back? A history of convention tech	Fandom: '40s - '50s	Kaffeklatsch: Peter Hamilton	Film appreciation workshop
12:00	Points of departure: the American Civil War		Customs, traditions and silly games	
13:00	George Hay Memorial Lecture	If we knew then what we know now... Futures that are past it		
14:00	Evaluating sources	Through poverty to the stars! Desperation at the root of progress		
15:00	GoH: Harry Turtledove			
16:00	Book auction	Fanzines which shaped the Age	Differences in gender reactions to visual media	
17:00		Things to do with chocolate	Bead workshop	
18:00	Assumptions, McGuffins and <i>dei ex machina</i>	Insufficiently advanced science (is indistinguishable from magic)	Fan Room 101: Brian Stableford	
19:00		Choosing the best of fannish writing		
20:00	Banquet (Starlight)	Is that like <i>Star Trek</i> ? Archetypes and how to survive them		
21:00				
22:00				
23:00		Fannish readings	Filking 'til dawn	Overnight radio

Sunday 31 March 2002

	Auditorium	Golden	Giffard	Verclut (TV)
10:00	Points of departure: World War II		Gripe session	
11:00	Bid for Eastercon 2004	Film: can a subtle story survive a big budget?		Film appreciation workshop
12:00		If this goes on... Near future political fiction	Guitars before breakfast: the growth of filking	
13:00	Beyond Cyberdome	The Technobabble Quiz	Kaffeklatsch: Harry Turtledove?	
14:00		Do we want to be taken seriously?	Art auction	
15:00	When it all changed: defining moments and their consequences	Checking universal constants: build your own reality detector		
16:00	GoH: Brian Stableford			
17:00		Future history: reconciling robots with the Foundation	The rise of media fandom (and the decline of everything else?)	
18:00		The consumer's guide to superfluous technology	Peake poems	
19:00	Large amounts of Masquerade go here	The shape of things to come: what went wrong?		
20:00	BSFA Award announcement	Should scientists write science fiction?		
21:00	Masquerade Awards	Future history: inventing politics		
22:00			Fan Room 101: Peter Weston	
23:00		Fannish readings	Filking 'til dawn	Overnight radio

Monday 1 April 2002

	Auditorium	Golden	Giffard	Verclut (TV)
10:00			Gripe session	
11:00	<i>Babylon 5</i> : sic transit Vir	Bored mindless in Utopia	Kaffeklatsch	Film appreciation workshop
12:00	Future history: shaping the universe	Not the Clarke Award	Art auction (part 2)	
13:00	Did Vir kill the Naan?	...And the universe will explode for your pleasure!	Art/Book auction (part 2)	
14:00	If I ruled the universe	TV: can committees cope with consequences?	Book auction (part 2)	
15:00	Tales of the end of days	Coming to a lounge bar near you: local groups—where are they and what do they do?	Kaffeklatsch	
16:00	GoH: Brian Stableford, Peter Weston and Harry Turtledove			
17:00	Is that all there is? The closing ceremony			
18:00				
19:00		What do you want next year then?		
20:00				
21:00	Dead Duck Party (Starlight)			
22:00				
23:00				

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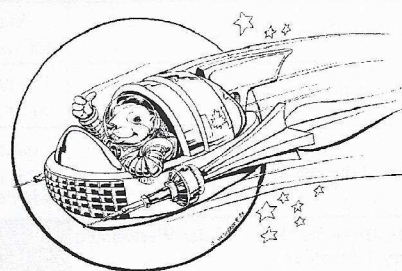
Mike Glycer (fan)

Spider Robinson (Toastmaster)

GoHst of Honour: Robert Bloch, the spirit of Toronto Worldcons

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This listing shows the membership of
Helicon 2 as at 24 February 2002:

Number Status Name

412 A Abbott, Mike
547 A Åkesson, Anna
361 A Alexander, Iain
266 A Allcock, Lissa
267 A Allcock, Philip
581 A Allum, Mike
119 A Allwood, Paul
256 A Ameringen, Brian
551 A Amies, Chris
229 A Anderson, Diane
234 A Anderson, John
499 A Anderson, Kevin
236 A Anglemark, Johan
235 S Anglemark, Linnéa
537 A Angus, David
259 A Armstrong, Andrew
268 A Armstrong, Helen
662 A Auden, Sandra
404 A Austin, Margaret
469 A Bacon, James
557 C Bains, Catherine
554 J Bains, Eleanor
556 J Bains, Isabel
553 A Bains, Jane
555 J Bains, Richard
552 A Bains, William
126 A Baker, Dr A C
616 A Baker, Samantha
307 A Balen, Henry
473 A Ballantyne, Barbara
475 B Ballantyne, Robin
474 A Ballantyne, Tony
647 A Banks, Aileen
687 A Barclay, James
623 A Bark, John
188 A Barker, Trevor
438 A Barton, Andrew
362 A Baxter, Stephen
135 A Beach, Covert
27 A Bell, Chris
444 A Bell, Doug
182 A Bellingham, Alan
354 A Bemis, Judith C
627 A Bennemann, Gabriela
380 S Bennett, Ron
674 A Bennett, Ron
629 A Bennett, Sam
417 A Benson, Austin
483 A Benzler, Meike
218 A Bernardi, Michael
462 A Berry, Tony
439 A Binfield, Pete
160 A Bisson, Simon
301 B Björklind, Thomas
300 S Björsten, Maximilian
342 A Blackie
332 A Blackwell, Paul
285 A Blair, Paul
185 A Bloom, Kent
145 A Bockestein, Jaap
395 A Booth, Duncan
396 A Booth, Judy

592 A Boothby, Clare
326 A Bospoort, Wim van de
227 A Böttcher, Hans-Ulrich
162 A Bradshaw, Bridget
169 A Bradshaw, Simon
372 A Braithwaite, Michael
584 A Brännvall, Tage
161 A Branscombe, Mary
445 A Bray, John
211 A Brialey, Claire
124 A Brignal, Gordon
678 A Brooker, Matt
545 A Brown, Doug
184 A Brown, John
643 A Brown, Patricia
576 A Brown, Tanya
642 A Brown, Vernon
598 A Brush, Colin
568 A Bryson, Bob
199 A Buckley, E D
233 A Burns, Bill
123 A Burns, Jackie E
573 A Burns, Jim
232 A Burns, Mary
249 A Burton West, Roger
461 B Cain, Jonathan
460 B Cain, Marianne
459 A Cain, Steven
149 A Callan, Simon
360 A Carlile, David
253 A Carnall, Jane
426 A Cartwright, Joanne
591 A Chappell, Arthur
679 A Cheetham, Mic
389 A Chrystal, Ewan
125 A Clements, Dave
655 A Coad, Rich
621 A Coast, Caitriona
631 S Coble, Michael
134 A Cochrane, David
274 A Cohen, Malcolm
293 A Cohen, Peter
413 A Collyer, Noel
692 A Coode, Emma
346 A Cooling, Brigid
289 A Cooper, Chris
464 A Cooper, Kate
186 A Cooper, Stephen
654 F Corner, Joanne
312 A Cosslett, Keith
574 A Cotter, Del
639 A Cowans, Chris
341 A Cowie, Jonathan
363 A Cox, Adrian
628 A Cox, David
508 A Cray, Paul
284 A Croft, A J 'Andy'
542 A Cronholm, Tomas
368 A Croughton, Chris
189 A Crow, Jonathan
62 A Cruttenden, ½R
666 A Cruttenden, Wendy
677 A Cullen, Tony
219 A Culpin, Rafe
164 A Curry, David

661 A da Silva, Miguel
270 A Dallman, John
204 A Damesick, Mike
664 A Davey, Andrew
466 A Davidson, Christine
485 A Davidson, Michael
Fergus
299 A Davies, Stephen
331 A Dawe, Martyn
224 A Dawson, Guy
280 A Dawson, Susan
578 A Day, Peter
388 A Day, Robert
333 A Day, Ros
298 A De Cesare, Giulia
482 A de Liscard, Jim
304 A De Weerd, Peter
217 A De Wolfe, Simon Mark
325 A Dearn, Simon
318 S Dellesert, Chantal
391 A Dessau, Ben
167 A Deterding-Barker, Zoe
481 A Dickson, Gillian
198 A Docherty, Vincent
669 A Dollin, Chris
670 J Dollin, Michael
528 A Donald, Elsie
177 A Donaldson, Christine
181 A Dormer, Paul
375 A Dowsing, Freddy
171 A Drysdale, David
531 S Duckhawk, Jackie
532 S Duckworth, Tim
593 A Dunk, Chris
237 A Dunn, Owen
541 A Dunn, Owen
104 A Dunn, Stephen
367 A Earnshaw, Roger
403 A Easterbrook, Martin
428 A Easthope, Cathy
414 A Edlund, Laurie
279 A Edwards, Lynn
180 A Edwards, Sue
526 A Eldred, Alison
147 A Ellingsen, Herman
261 A Ellis, Sean
262 A Ellis, Tamasin
102 A Emmerich, Udo
471 A Emsley, Iain
605 A English, John
197 A Ent, Jan van 't
529 A Evans, Tim
239 A Ewing, Allison
240 C Ewing, Calum
241 B Ewing, Fergus
563 A Ewyck, Annemarie van
653 A Fairgrove, Rowan
522 A Farmer, David
696 A Fennel, Richard
130 A Figg, Mike
429 A Finch, David Allan
357 A finder, Jan Howard
278 A Fine, Colin
108 A Flatt, Brian
671 A Fleissner, Dimitra
672 A Fleissner, Peter

681 A Fletcher, Jo
129 A Flood, Ronan
246 S Ford, Mike
451 A Fotheringham, Lynn
174 A Francis, Susan
667 A Freedman, Tanja
150 A Frihagen, Anders
385 S Frihagen, Bjorg
384 S Frihagen, Lars
505 A Frisch, Wolfgang
498 A Frost, Mary
207 A Funnell, Gwen
619 B Furlong, Karen
617 A Furlong, Nigel
618 A Furlong, Sabine
336 A Furniss, T J
515 J Gallagher, Ellen
514 F Gallagher, Marilyn
513 A Gallagher, Stephen
668 A Gardner, Donald
467 S Garratt, Peter
313 A Gibbons, Joe
652 A Gillet, Marilyn
364 A Gomez Lagerlöf,
Carolina
579 A Gonzalez, Victor
527 A Goodall, Clare
327 A Goudriaan, Roelof
106 A Grant, Simon
487 A Gray, Roy
615 A Grimwood, Jon
Courtenay
205 A Grover, Steve
225 A Gunnarson, Urban
548 A Gustafsson, Andreas
344 A Hall, Pia
649 A Hamilton, Kate
648 A Hamilton, Peter F
472 S Hammega, Erik
351 B Hammond, Paul
350 B Hammond, Robert
349 A Hammond, Tony
535 A Hancox, Kay
294 A Harris, Colin
316 A Harrison, Harry
315 A Harrison, Joan
387 A Hartley, James
334 A Harvey, David
570 A Harvey, Eve
569 A Harvey, John
602 A Haynes, Susie
183 A Headlong, Julian
585 C Hedenlund, Alice
544 A Hedenlund, Anders
587 C Hedenlund, Felix
586 F Hedenlund, Jeanette
154 A Heitlager, Martijn
116 A Held, Jim
238 A Hepburn, Alasdair K
540 A Hetherington, Karen
620 A Hicks, Dave
139 A Hoare, Martin
463 A Hobson, Andrew
477 A Hobson, Sue
693 A Hodgson, Sarah
352 A Holl, Geoff



KANSAS CITY IN 2006

A BID FOR THE 64TH

WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION

AUGUST 31-SEPTEMBER 4, 2006

- ✦ In 1976, Kansas City hosted the 34th World Science Fiction Convention. A generation of new fans emerged from that experience and spread throughout the midwest, founding clubs and starting conventions, many of which are still in existence. We look forward to the opportunity to provide a similar transformative experience to the youth of today and tomorrow, 30 years after the original.
- ✦ Overland Park (one of the many suburbs that make up the greater Kansas City area) is constructing a state-of-the-art convention center that will provide more than enough function space for a WorldCon's needs. Phase One (currently running a month ahead of schedule) will be finished this fall, and Phase Two, which will double the size of the Convention Center, will be completed in 2005. Phase One includes 237,000 square feet of total space, including a 60,000 square foot exhibit hall, a multi-purpose facility with stage that seats 2500 and meeting rooms that can be configured as needed. The attached Sheraton hotel offers a 12,000 square foot ballroom and 13,000 square feet of meeting room space. There is also a 25,000 square foot courtyard between the hotel and convention center for outdoor demonstrations, and 225 covered and 1200 surface parking spaces, in addition to the hotel parking. All parking, both at the convention center and the hotels, will be free. You can watch the progress from our website, www.midamericon.org. There will be over 1100 rooms connected to or immediately adjacent to the convention center, with a total of over 5,000 rooms within a 10 minute drive. The committee, hotels, convention center, convention and visitors bureau, and the City of Overland Park are working together to coordinate shuttle service between the hotels, the convention and nearby shopping and dining areas.
- ✦ Our Bid Committee consists of fans both from the midwest and throughout the country with experience working local and regional conventions, as well as WorldCons. Our local group hosted the Nebula Weekend in 1997 (which went over so well we've been asked to do it again in 2002). Our annual convention, ConQuest (now in its fourth decade), is renowned as one of the finest (and most fun) cons in the midwest. And members of our committee are also part of the group hosting the 2003 World Horror Convention in Kansas City.
- ✦ Kansas City is in the heart of America; it's a major transportation hub with easy travel connections and a modern, spacious airport. You'll be amazed at how little you'll have to pay for hotel rooms and fine dining in our fair city. The convention center is located directly adjacent to a major interstate and is easily accessible from any direction.
- ✦ Kansas City is famous for its jazz, blues, fine dining, barbecue and its park-like, scenic beauty. There are also many attractions awaiting your discovery, including the Kansas City Zoo, the Harry S Truman Library and Museum, the Nelson-Atkins Museum (with a major expansion to be completed in 2005), the Kemper Museum of Contemporary Art, several riverboat casinos, the world-renowned Country Club Plaza shopping district and much more, all within thirty minutes of the convention center.

The Bid Committee believes we can make Labor Day weekend 2006 one of the most memorable in WorldCon history. We invite you to join us in the effort by presupposing our bid at one of the four levels explicated at right. The benefits listed will be received if you vote and we win. We thank you for your support, and look forward to seeing you in 2006.

Service Mark notice: "World Science Fiction Society," "WSFS," "World Science Fiction Convention," "NASFiC," "Hugo" and "WorldCon" are registered service marks of the World Science Fiction Society, an unincorporated literary society.

Jazz Dragon Logo by Rachael Mayo.

Presupport: \$20 US
£14, \$32 Can, €23, ¥2650
supporting membership
1/2 credit for conversion

Preoppose: \$25 US
£17, \$40 Can, €28, ¥3312
supporting membership
1/2 credit for conversion

Yardbird: \$50 US
£35, \$80 Can, €56, ¥6624
attending membership
listing in program book

Count Basie: \$100 US
£70, \$160 Can, €112, ¥13248
attending membership
listing in program book
special seating & more

*For Up to Date Information
on All Aspects
of the Bid, see our Website:
www.midamericon.org*

Questions? Comments? Just want
to chat? Our email address is:
MidAmeriCon@kc.rr.com

Make checks (in U.S. funds) payable
to Kansas City in 2006 and mail to:
Kansas City 2006,
P.O. Box 414175,
Kansas City, MO USA 64141-4175



231	A	Hollingsworth, Mary Ann	685	A	Lovegrove, James	603	A	Newman, Hazel	296	J	Rosenblum, Michelle
107	S	Holmström, Anders	295	A	Loveridge, Caroline	577	A	Newman, Robert	213	A	Rothman, Stephen
322	A	Holmström, Anders	303	A	Lundwall, Karin	442	A	Norcross, Andrew	105	A	Rowland, Marcus
694	A	Horsman, Graham	302	A	Lundwall, Sam J	506	A	Norén, Karl-Johan	650	A	Rowse, Yvonne
214	A	Horst, Marc ter	128	A	Mabey, Peter	521	A	Norman, Eva	275	A	Sachs, Marjorie
330	A	Horvei, Sidsel	455	A	MacGregor, Duncan	255	A	Norman, Lisanne	151	A	Sapienza Jr, John T
251	A	Housden, Valerie	510	A	Mackintosh, Alasdair	347	A	Oborn, Keith	152	A	Sapienza, Peggy Rae
353	A	Hunt, Terry	103	A	MacLaughlin, Bobby	398	A	Oborn, Krystyna	458	A	Scott, Alison
503	J	Hurry, Alison	269	A	MacNeil, Helen	402	A	Odel, James	245	A	Scott, Mike
500	A	Hurry, Graeme	277	A	MacNeil, Justin	221	A	O'Donnel, Andrew	656	A	Scott, Stacy
502	J	Hurry, Helen	449	A	Malme, Chris	109	A	O'Hanlon, Rod	131	A	Shepherd Figg, Janet
501	A	Hurry, Pam	358	A	Marchand, Deb	376	A	O'Hanrahan, Caitlin	191	A	Shipman, Linda I
194	A	Illingworth, Marcia Kelly	421	A	Marsland, Keith	176	A	Oldroyd, Paul	394	A	Shorrock, Gavin
193	A	Illingworth, Tim	575	A	Mason, Sue	571	A	O'Neill, David	393	A	Shorrock, Ina
478	A	Jackson, Ian	208	A	Maughan, Ian	292	A	O'Neill, Ken	308	A	Sieber, Rene
258	A	James, Daniel	156	A	Maughan, Janet	572	A	O'Neill, Maryse	175	A	Sinclair, Mark
440	A	James, Edward	157	A	Maughan, Robert	561	A	O'Shea, Chris	680	A	Sinclair, Nicola
153	A	James, Rhodri	379	A	Maynard, Alistair	507	A	Paolini, Paul	566	A	Sketchley, Martin
565	A	James, Richard	589	A	McConnel, Michael	228	A	Pargman, Michael	599	A	Skinner, Daniel
377	A	James, Wilf	365	A	McCullough, Alastair	355	A	Parker, Tony	382	A	Slater, Ken
392	A	Jarrold, John	624	A	McIvor-Main, Kevin	223	A	Parry, Arwel	546	A	Smith, Anthony David
683	A	Jasiewicz, Ilona	688	A	McKiggan-Fee, Heather	435	A	Parson, Brian	430	S	Smith, Frank R
399	A	Jeapes, Ben	608	A	McLaren, Lorna	144	A	Paterson, Joan	479	A	Smith, Lisa
314	A	Jezard, Neil	366	A	McLean, Pat	230	A	Patterson, Andrew	480	A	Smith, Martin
676	A	Johnson, Jane	159	A	McLean, Rory	220	A	Patton, Andrew	166	A	Smithers, Dan
698	A	Jones, Helen	407	A	McLeod, Scotty	558	A	Peart, James	436	A	Smithers, Jane
689	A	Jones, Jonathan	495	A	McLintock, Alex	215	A	Peek, Bernard	635	A	Smithers, Jasper
699	A	Jones, Martin	630	A	McMurray, Pat	290	A	Perera, Mali	165	A	Smithers, Lucy
700	B	Jones, Megan	660	A	McWilliam, Lucy	335	A	Perkins, Roger	590	B	Smithers, Nathaniel
701	B	Jones, Michael	424	B	Meades, Hazel	190	A	Persson, Tommy	493	A	SMS
633	A	Jordan, Keith	425	B	Meades, Leo	390	A	Petty, Heather	523	A	Smullen, Russell
634	A	Jordan, Sheila	423	A	Meades, Rob	447	A	Peyton, Arline	397	A	Sneddon, Robert
470	A	Jude, Dick	343	A	Mee, Laurence	446	A	Peyton, Rog	437	A	Soley Barton, Kate
276	A	Keen, Tony	441	A	Mendlesohn, Farah	195	A	Phillips, Val	408	A	Sorrell, Janice
564	A	Kelly, Mark	110	A	Meredith, John	420	A	Plumby, Phil	117	A	Southern, Christopher
611	A	Kemp, Sue	646	C	Messenger, Chloe	212	A	Plummer, Mark	113	A	Southern, Jennifer
386	A	Kennaway, Richard	645	A	Messenger, Sara	306	A	Porter, Andrew	504	S	Spångberg, Ylva
374	A	Kerr, Morag	691	A	Milayev, Kostya	317	S	Potts, Silas	684	A	Spanton, Simon
122	A	Kievits, Peter	282	J	Miller, Andrew	155	A	Pritchard, Ceri	170	A	Spiller, Michael
536	S	Killick, Jane	286	A	Miller, Judith	168	S	Pritchard, Marion Naomi	GOH1	A	Stableford, Brian
509	A	King, Vicky	281	A	Miller, Ray	148	S	Pritchard, Steve	GOH4	A	Stableford, Guest of Brian
622	A	Kirk, Tim	283	A	Miller, Sue	659	A	Proctor, Henry	465	A	Staflin, Lennart
422	A	Kohler, Alice	484	A	Mills, Nick	452	A	Proctor, Judith	242	A	Stage, Jesper
673	A	Küch, Lutz	663	A	Mitchell, Sue	456	A	Proctor, Kelvin	371	A	Steel, Friend of James
356	A	Labonville, 'Zanne	476	A	Mobbs, Andrew	658	A	Proctor, Ricard	370	A	Steel, James
369	A	Laight, David	115	A	Mol, Marianne	136	A	Putte, Larry van der	450	A	Stephenson, Andrew
443	A	Lake, Christina	613	A	Moor, David	378	A	Ray, Dannielle	632	A	Stephenson, Richard
158	A	Lally, Dave	311	A	Morgan, Cheryl	179	A	Reap, Colette	264	A	Stepney, Susan
448	A	Langhammer, Andrew	252	A	Morgan, Chris	101	A	Recktenwald, Thomas	657	A	Stewart, Alastair
494	A	Latham, Eira	250	A	Morgan, Pauline	383	A	Redfarn, Peter	243	A	Stewart, Barbara
432	A	Laverack, Kris	682	A	Morgan, Richard	187	A	Rees, John C	549	A	Stewart, Chrisine
415	A	Lavery, Peter	196	A	Morley, Tim	497	S	Reuterswärd, Anders	244	A	Stewart, John
209	A	Lawson, Alice	200	A	Morman, Mary	492	C	Reuterswärd, Patrik	533	A	Stirling, Billy
210	A	Lawson, Steve	328	A	Morse, Lynne Ann	140	A	Reynolds, Patricia	416	A	Stocks, Chris
324	A	Leder, Erhard	287	A	Mowbray, Steve	172	A	Reynolds, Trevor	588	A	Stokes, Keith
601	A	Leonard, Mary	625	A	Moxey, Nicola	641	A	Richards, John	133	A	Strandberg, Lars
600	A	Leonard, Paul	626	A	Moxey, Simon	263	A	Rigby, Julie Faith	468	A	Stratmann, Gary
690	A	Lewis, Sharon	273	A	Mullan, Caroline	686	A	Roberts, Adam	486	A	Stratmann, Linda
583	A	Lightsey, Sheila	524	A	Murosako, Susan	201	A	Robinson, Roger	247	A	Streets, Marcus
644	A	Livingstone, Colin	582	A	Murphy, Ronan	665	A	Robinson, T R	559	F	Streets, Parent 1 of
610	A	Lohr, Marisa	453	A	Nanson, Kari	695	A	Robson, Justina	560	F	Streets, Parent 2 of
373	A	Long, Gavin	454	A	Nanson, Philip	112	A	Rogers, Tony	248	A	Streets, Rae
606	A	Lord, Jan	409	A	Nanson, Tom	202	A	Rogerson, Steve	539	A	Stross, Charlie
607	J	Lord, Vivian	511	A	Nash, Darren	137	A	Rosenblum, Howard	329	A	Sund, Björn Torre
			512	A	Nash, Michele	138	A	Rosenblum, June	288	A	Swan, Lesley

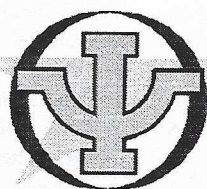
127 A Taylor, Alison
 419 A Taylor, Graham
 178 A Taylor, Ian
 427 A Taylor, Jeff
 410 A Teddy
 321 C Tement, Calvin
 319 A Tement, George
 320 A Tement, Linda
 520 A Thaning, Sten
 434 A The Barred, Klugger
 359 A Thompson, Jean
 192 A Tibbetts, J R
 612 A Tibbles, Sue
 143 A Tibs
 163 A Tompkins, Dave
 257 A Tompkinson, Deborah
 339 A Toorn, Angelique van
 337 J Toorn, Annabel van
 340 A Toorn, Kees van
 338 A Toorn, Lennart van
 457 A Traish, Barry
 260 A Treadway, Paul
 254 A Tucker, Frances
 GOH2 A Turtledove, Harry
 GOH5 A Turtledove, Guest of Harry
 132 A Twine, Terry
 226 A Ulvang, Cristina Pulido
 222 A Ulvang, Tor Christian
 111 A Valois, Tobes
 310 A Vasykivsky, Olena
 309 A Vasykivsky, Alexander
 562 A Veenkamp, Nico
 604 A Veer, Bart
 538 A Waggott, John
 345 A Waldie, Gordon
 496 A Walker, Nick
 173 A Waller, Mark
 640 A Walters, Dai
 580 A Walters, Huw
 594 A Wardzinski, Bob
 596 B Wardzinski, Charlotte
 597 B Wardzinski, Francesca
 595 F Wardzinski, Julie
 206 A Wareham, Peter
 534 A Warren, Jeanette
 431 A Watson, Ian
 433 A Watson, Jessica
 297 J Webb, Alan
 291 A Webb, Gerry
 697 A Weddell, Dave
 530 A Weddell, Jaine
 305 A Weller, W. A.
 543 A Westerlund, Magnus
 488 J Westhead, Karen
 491 A Westhead, Kathy
 490 A Westhead, Mike
 489 A Westhead, Peter
 GOH6 A Weston, Eileen
 GOH3 A Weston, Peter
 405 A Wheatley, Richard
 216 A Whitehead, Nik
 348 A Whysall, Kim
 265 A Whyte, Charles
 525 A Wickstrom, Doug

675 F Wigglesworth, Shirley
 141 A Wightman, Colin
 142 A Wightman, Sarah
 401 A Wilkinson, Bridget
 381 S Wilkinson, Peter
 550 A Williams, Robert
 651 A Williamson, Neil
 400 A Willis, Phil
 609 A Wilson, Andrew J
 411 A Wilson, Anne
 418 A Wilson, Caroline
 567 A Wilson, Juliet
 518 B Winship, Alexandra

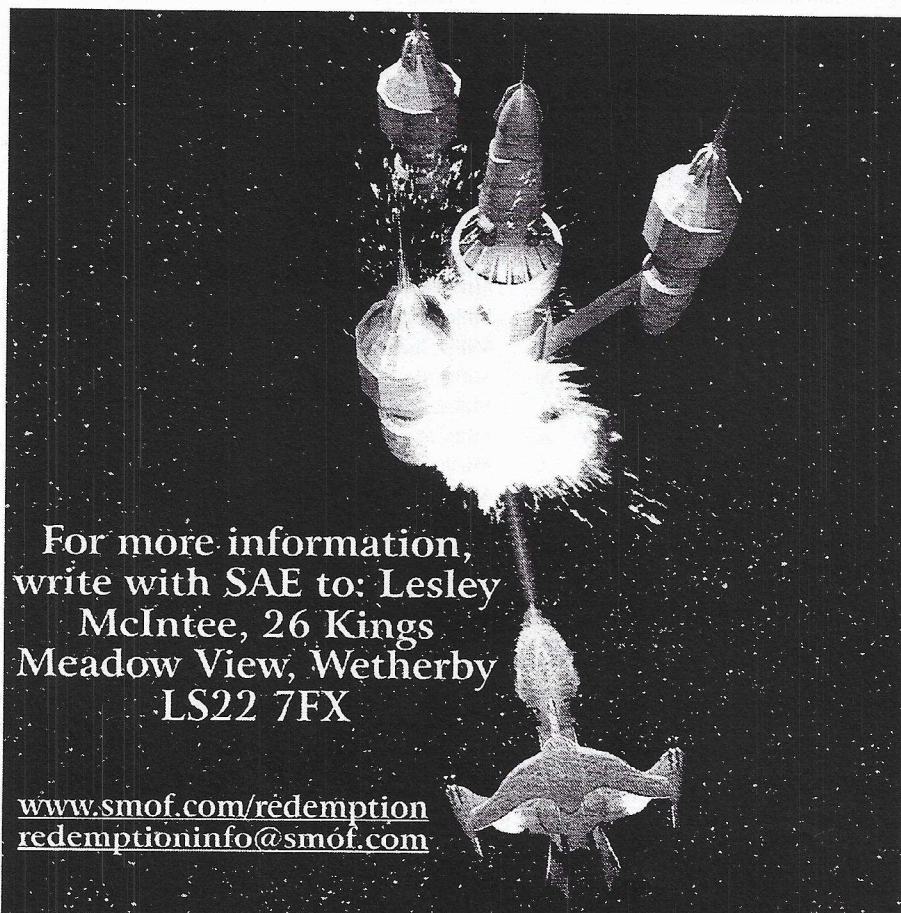
516 A Winship, Paul
 519 B Winship, Rebecca
 517 A Winship, Theresa
 636 A Winter, Graham
 638 B Winter, Ross
 637 A Winter, Sue
 146 A Wisse, Martin
 118 A Woodford, Alan
 114 A Woodford, Anne
 203 A Yalow, Ben
 614 A Yound, Melinda
 406 A Young, Mark

Status Codes

A: Attending
 S: Supporting
 J: Juvenile
 C: Child
 B: Baby
 F: Family Membership

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